



TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY

EDWARD N. POMEROY

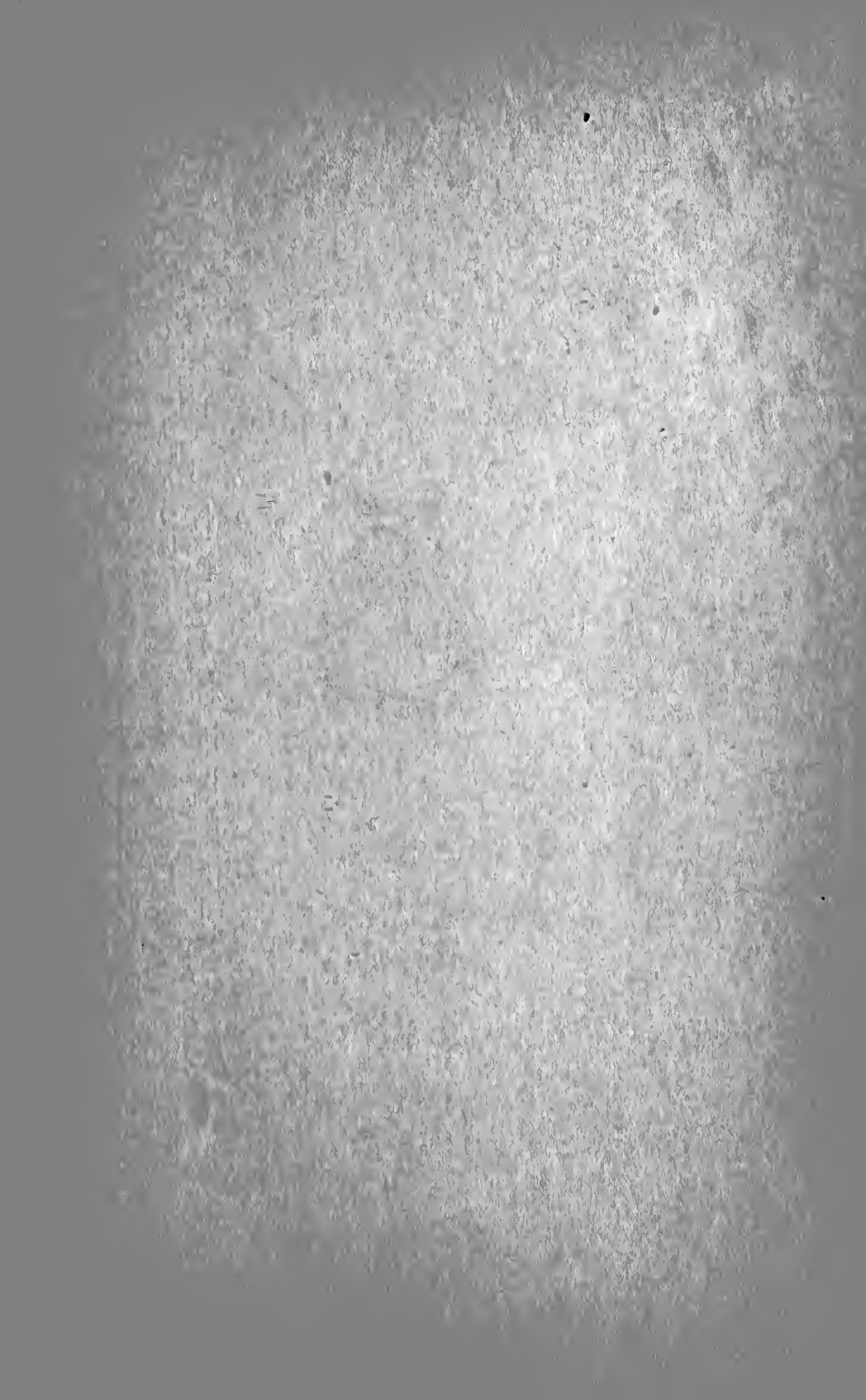


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WOLFFSON, G. A. Y. K. 1971

TODAY AND TOMORROW

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE
NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT

FROM THE FIRST
SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT



BY
JAMES M. SMITH

TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY
EDWARD N. POMEROY



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This book is affectionately dedicated to my Mother.

I wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the editors of the following magazines and papers, in making it possible for me to publish this volume of my father's poems, by allowing me to reprint the poems which have appeared in their publications: *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Boston Transcript*, *The Century*, *The Congregationalist*, *The Independent*, *Scribner's*, *The Springfield Republican* and *The Youth's Companion*.

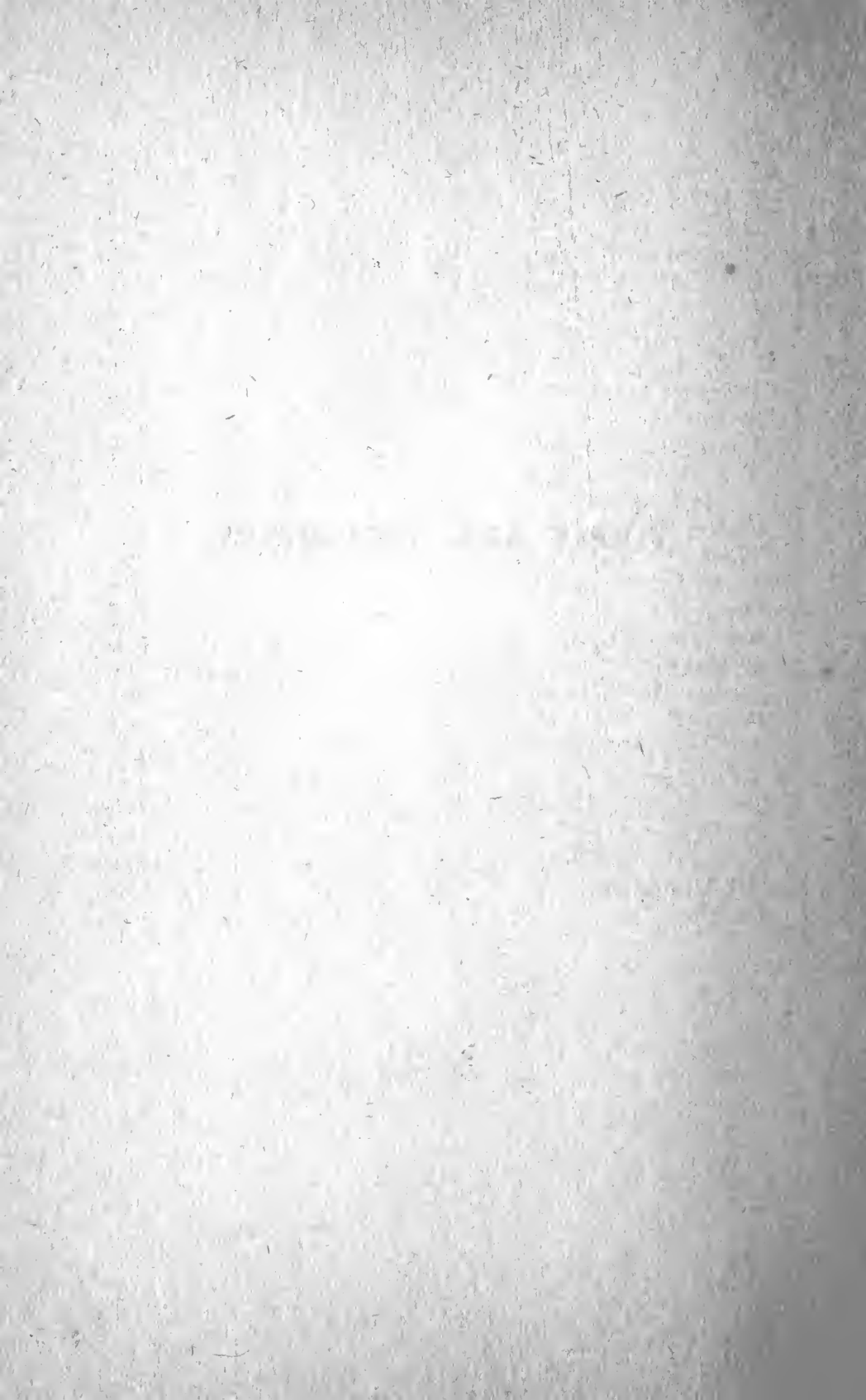
GERTRUDE A. POMEROY.

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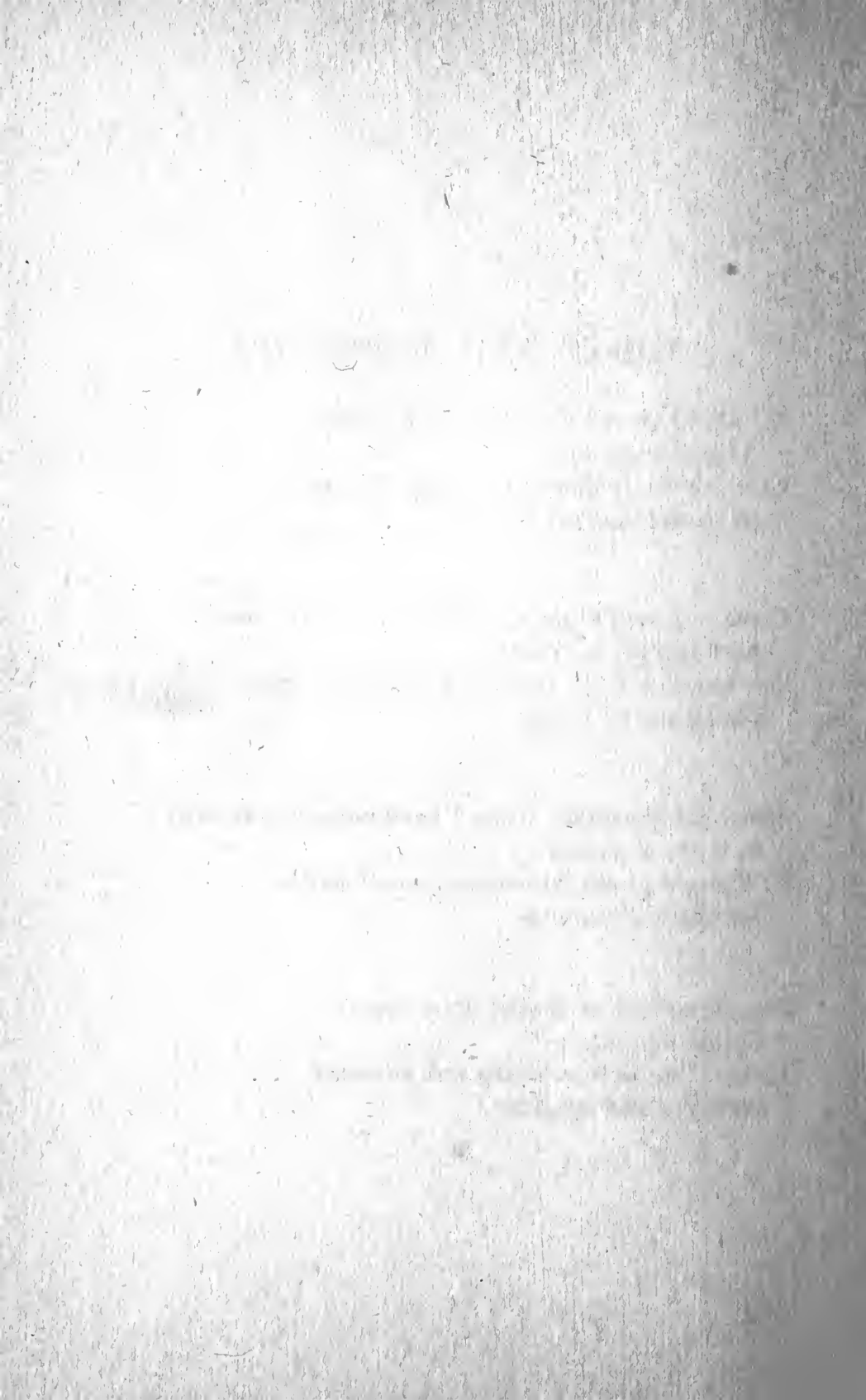
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TODAY AND TOMORROW



TODAY AND TOMORROW

Withhold all eulogies when I am dead,
All noisy sorrow;
Give me the tender word today, instead
Of tears tomorrow.

Come not with flowers to strew above my breast,
And sigh for me there.
The hawk or crow may haunt the piny crest;
I shall not be there.

Speak not my name, when I have passed from earth,
In tones of sadness;
At thought of me repress no note of mirth,
No burst of gladness.

Regard me not as altered when removed
To the hereafter;
Think of me still as loving and as loved
With joy and laughter.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

Delay not, thou whom I have wounded sore,
Till thou outlive me
To grant the pardon that I here implore,
But now forgive me.

Pretend not that I merit saintly fame;
Let mercy save me;
Sufficient for my epitaph the name
My mother gave me.

MY LOVE

My love, she is no longer young;
Her hair is ringed with gray;
The grace that to her figure clung
Does not remain today.

Her step is not so light as erst;
Her cheek is paler grown;
Her hand is thinner than when first
It lay within my own.

One slender finger holds in ward
Our union's token fair;
Then close it clung, but now a guard
Confines the circlet there.

Her eyes with tender love are lit;
They gaze upon me now;
The signature of care is writ
In wrinkles on her brow.

Four times has heaven enriched our goods
With treasure from the skies;
And thrice has grief unlocked its floods
And drowned her gentle eyes.

MY LOVE

Her heart is an unfathomed spring
Whose depths all tears receive;
"She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve."

Her peaceful brow contains no trace
Of passion-conflict striven;
A purer flame has filled her face —
The effluence of heaven.

For there her fancies often roam,
And there she fain would be
What time her thoughts are of the home
Of those she longs to see.

I hear them in her voice, in truth
I see them in her eyes;
My love, she wears with fadeless youth,
The grace of Paradise.

OUTWARD BOUND

Oh, homeward bound's a welcome sound,
But outward bound are we,
With swelling gale and rending sail
And rush of roaring sea.

We leave behind the chasing wind,
We leave behind the shore,
And roof and tree sink in the sea,
Perhaps to rise no more.

We said farewell, and tears that fell
Were quickly brushed away;
But homeward bound who hears the sound
Of children at their play,

And song of wife above the strife
Of breakers on the lee,
May find a grave beneath the wave,
And not his family.

OUTWARD BOUND

Ay, outward bound's a noble sound,
The sea's a noble host;
And they who hear his bluffest cheer
Are they who love him most.

We tread the deck, and little reck
The wild cloud in the sky;
Whate'er may call, whate'er befall,
We're here to do and die.

We never shrink, though heaven be ink,
And ocean's waste be snow;
With good sea-room we court the gloom,
And all the gales that blow.

Our sails are set in shine and wet;
Our hearts from grief we keep,
Like gulls we roam from foam to foam,
Our home the homeless deep.

Oh, homeward bound's a welcome sound,
But outward bound are we,
Till, voyaging o'er, we touch the shore
Of death's uncharted sea.

MEMORIAL DAY

Again it is Memorial Day
How sweet and sad the hours
While love and grief are holding sway,
And turf that covers sacred clay
We decorate with flowers.

The memory of comrades brave
We meet to celebrate;
Who fought and bled the State to save,
Who died to liberate the slave,
Nor dreamed their deed was great.

But they deserve a patriot's name
And immortality;
And deeds as great for them we claim,
As lifted Salamis to fame
And proud Thermopylæ.

But yesterday and they were here;
Their tide of life ran high;
Well we recall their ringing cheer,
Their answer, as a clarion clear,
Their last, not sad, good by.

MEMORIAL DAY

Fearless with us they went away
Expecting to return;
And while the drum and bugle play,
Reviving memories of that day,
Old fires within us burn.

The vanished past returns again;
The present is a dream;
Our shrunken ranks are full as then;
These scattered ashes, arméd men
Whose bristling bayonets gleam.

We live our army lives once more;
Beneath heaven's tent we dwell;
The leaden rain begins to pour,
The hungry guns to growl and roar,
While scream the shot and shell.

Again we're on a field of slain,
And grieving stars look down;
Silenced is every wall of pain;
The battle's tide has ebbed amain,
Whose flow high hopes did drown.

Again we hear the long-roll beat,
The quick command "fall in,"
Again we breast the deadly sleet,
Again the foeman's onset meet,
Sustain the shock and win.

MEMORIAL DAY

But friends, this is the nation's day
To honor all the brave,
To interblend the "blue" and "gray,"
And deck them with the bloom of May,
For Hate is in its grave.

The barbarous days of war are done;
Peace broodeth like a dove;
Conflict with self is but begun;
Let greater victories here be won,
Let us forgive and love;

In spite of wrong we suffered then, —
Fort Pillow's cruel guile,
And Georgia's monstrous prison-pen
That loathsome creatures made of men,
And "Libby" and "Belle Isle."

The Union saved and Slavery dead!
What could we ask beside?
For these fair Liberty had pled,
For these Humanity had bled,
For these great Lincoln died.

Brothers, our lives are in the past,
Yet we have no regret;
For, though our ranks are thinning fast
And praise did not its day outlast,
The flag is flying yet;

MEMORIAL DAY

It flies above the Capitol,
And o'er the soldier's grave;
It floats o'er Sumter's crumbling wall;
It waves throughout the nation-all —
Forever may it wave;

May this observance never cease;
May words like these be said,
Till the impatient years' increase
Brings the Millenium of Peace,
And War and Wrong are dead.

Brothers, our sun is sinking low;
The western twilight nears;
Our faces men soon will not know,
Already we can hear the flow
Of the Eternal Years.

No fame is ours; men have forgot,
Or seldom call to mind,
The soldiers screened from deadly shot,
Nor care we, for it matters not
Who fame or favor find.

The Hand that held us in our place,
The Everlasting Arms,
That parted us from death's embrace,
The God that kept us by His grace
Will shield us still from harm;

MEMORIAL DAY

And, by and by, it may be, some
With wreaths and garlands gay,
And sweet-voiced fife and stirring drum,
To crown our grassy graves will come
On Decoration Day.

THE CHESS-PLAYERS

The clock, unheeded, peals the midnight hour;
The house is mute, the light is waxen dim:
Whose is the wand, and whence the magic power
That these has smitten with enchantment grim?

The pigmy figures on the painted squares,
Silent as cloistered friars on their knees
Whom death transmutes to marble at their prayers,
Seem not more stiff and statuelike than these.

With hearts of champions charging in the lists,
Whose lances crumble as they crash and fall;
With nerves of boxers pounding with their fists;
There is no movement; it is semblance all.

Save that, at intervals, a hand outstretched
Beckons a charge or signals a retreat;
Or, from the depths whence plots malign are fetched,
Issues the interdict that seals defeat.

The mimic battle has been lost and won;
The spacious night has shrunk to a span;
The world is lifted from oblivion,
And each automaton becomes a man.

THE GRAVE-YARD AT SIPPICAN

Come to this spot among the rocks and pines, —
This hidden acre thou hadst ne'er beheld
Unless persuaded by a poet's lines,
Or by the circumstance of death compelled.

The summer suns pour down their fervid heat
On stunted herbage and a sterile soil:
The storms of winter hurl their stinging sleet,
And the hurt trees in agony recoil.

These modest monuments no great names bear;
Thou tread'st not, traveler, on a hero here;
Yet these were strong to do and brave to dare,
And filled their places on the busy sphere.

They and the sea were surely kith and kin,
And o'er these graves, although they never stop,
Marauding sea-fogs that come driving in,
A tribute from their salty plunder drop.

THE GRAVE-YARD AT SIPPICAN

Near this lone nook their labor was not done:
Through calms and storms, from port to port they
 ran:
Or from the tropic to the frozen zone
They sought and slaughtered the leviathan.

Their virtues or their vices who shall tell,
Or what their harbor since life's sails were furled!
Remote from strife and tumult they sleep well
 "Here at the quiet limit of the world."

Such simple histories deep lessons teach, —
Who seeketh wisdom let him pause and learn, —
That in His plan God hath remembered each,
And each He satisfieth in his turn:

That death, relentless, still is not unkind,
The vexed and weary to compel to rest;
Nor mother earth in her affection blind
To call her crying children to her breast.

THE BLACKSMITH OF SIPPICAN

Search not the map, O curious man,
To find the town of Sippican,
But listen while my verses bound it
And tell the regions lying round it.
Northward is Rochester's fair land,
With roads and people famed for sand;
And southward, stretching far away,
The windy wastes of Buzzards Bay;
While east and west the silence broods
O'er Mattapoissett's piny woods
And Weweantit's briny floods.

In recent days the quaint old town
Has gained a highly prized renown;
For hither comes a lady true
As age of chivalry e'er knew —
One who commands without command,
The first and fairest of the land.
And here, like her, in summer time,
Come those who write in prose and rhyme;
Statesmen and sages, brawn and brain;
And pleasure's gay and giddy train —

THE BLACKSMITH OF SIPPICAN

A happy throng, and brave and bright.
And yet 'tis not of these I write.

A man from Middleboro town
One afternoon came driving down.
In Little Neck his quest he ceased
And shelter found for man and beast.
When horse was baited well, and he
Had smoked his pipe and drank his tea,
Before the twilight glow had fled
He called his host and this he said:
"One day at home I struck a man
Whose place was 'down in Sippican.'

"He stopped with me a winter night,
And slipped away before 'twas light.
He paid me well with tales he told,
A-talking till the night was old.
A man he was of giant frame;
Of Goths or Anakim he came.
His arms could swing prodigious weights,
His shoulders carry Gaza's gates;
He stooped as if to ease his power
And stood like Pisa's leaning tower.
The half his yarns I cannot tell,
But two or three remember well,
And now have driven down, of course,
To see the 'ferryboat' and 'horse.'"

THE BLACKSMITH OF SIPPICAN

The other begged him to explain,
And did not spend his breath in vain,
For, while the air was dense with smoke,
He cleared his throat and thus he spoke:

“He told me, I remember well,
The vessel was a tortoise shell,
A whaler brought from southern seas —
The isles of Cannibals and ease;

“And that her steady course she plows
Betwixt Nye’s wharf and Henry Dow’s.
I’ve often wondered how ’twould seem
To see a tortoise go by steam.
But this was nothing to the other:
He talked about him like a brother —
The famous horse with limb and wind
To leave the thunder storm behind.”

The host with blank amazement dumb,
Intent to hear the tale to come,
A trifle closer hitched his chair,
And like an oak was rooted there.

“My name,” said he, “is Rufus Briggs.
I drove to Mattapoise’ for pigs
One afternoon. The sky was black
Behind us as we started back.

THE BLACKSMITH OF SIPPICAN

“’Twas dog-days an’ a time of drouth;
The dust was deep, the wind was south;
The thunder grumbled down the bay;
The lightnin’s flash was thereaway.

“We didn’t travel slow nor fast
Till red-roofed Cannonville was passed,
When, by my soul! I got a scare
That shook my teeth and raised my hair.
The thunder busted overhead
As ef ’twas sent to raise the dead;
An’ Dandy, layin’ back ’is ears,
Jumped like a yoke o’ frightened steers,
An’ went as ef a red-hot goad
His flanks was prickin’ all it knowed.

I dropped the reins and throwed the whip
To ketch the seat with double grip,
An’ watched the horse as on he tore
With rain behind an’ dust before.
My breath was gone from Cannonville
Clean to the bridge ’t Macomber’s Mill.
From Macomber’s to Rocky Nook
Like wus’n fever-ag’e I shook.
All through the woods ’twas black as night.
Only the flashes gin us light.
An’ sparks that flew from Dandy’s hoofs
Like hail-st’ns dancin’ on the roofs.

THE BLACKSMITH OF SIPPICAN

But when she slewed at Braley's Corner
I guessed the go-cart was a gorner;
It seemed as ef capsized we must,
An' drown in mud or choke in dust;
I call it sence the cape o' trouble;
'Twas wus'n Hatteras to double;
But spite o' fate the thing was done,
An' faster yet we pelted on.
House after house went screamin' by;
The little wagon seemed to fly,
An' in a jiffy fetched a lurch,
As we was roundin' at the church,
That twitched my heart, an' jerked my breath,
An' made me think the thing was death.

"Hear what I say an' don't forget;
Not by a drop was Dandy wet,
The dasher an' the seat was dry,
An' drier 'n any bone was I,
But at the shop I turned to find
The pigs was drowned in behind,"

The stranger ceased; so must my lay;
Suffice it, in a word, to say,
The blacksmith flourishes today.
The ferryboat is lying by,
At least it does not meet the eye.
The famous horse is famous still,
Though now as steady as a mill.

THE BLACKSMITH OF SIPPICAN

The shop stands where it stood before,
A furlong from the church or more;
A beast is always on the floor,
For, spite of tortoises and pigs,
There's none can set a shoe like Briggs.

CONCLUSION

Decades have passed since this was told;
The writer of the rhyme is old;
His hair is white, his eyes are dim;
His hearing has gone back on him;
The blacksmith and the rapid horse
Are gone to their progenitors;
The town that knew this horse and man
Is quite another Sippican;
The generation now in view
Is one these heroes never knew.
And yet the road is quite the same
As that o'er which the go-cart came.
Macomber's Mill has passed away
And Rocky Nook is changed, they say;
But Mattapoise' still raises pigs,
As good as those that beckoned Briggs.
But is there one, or young or old,
Can match the yarns that Rufus told?
And who shall find the equine jade
Can touch the record Dandy made?

THE WATCH BELOW

His childhood's longings are come true
In all their widest, wildest range;
This is the picture fancy drew;
How real, yet how strange.

The braces snap; the storm sails rip;
The fettered gales have struggled free;
The straining greyhound is the ship,
The foaming wolves the sea.

Their glistening fangs are wide to strike;
Their famished eyes are flakes of fire;
Hunger and surfeit whet alike
Their immemorial ire.

But fleeter than the fleeing hound,
And surer than the ruthless foe,
On rushes to its fated bound
The midnight watch below.

The watch is called; he never heeds;
Let the sweet feast his longing cloy;
On nectar and ambrosia feeds
The sleeping sailor boy.

THE WATCH BELOW

The fo'castle, the deck, the spars,
The swollen sea, the lowering skies,
The drowning sun, the dripping stars
Have faded from his eyes.

The mast is creaking by his berth,
The lantern smokes above his head,
But sleepless potentates of earth
Might envy him his bed.

His yearning gaze is on the past;
Through their red gates the hot tears flow;
That this swift hour will be his last
Ah, well he does not know.

His sister's prattle charms his ear;
His mother's silence stirs his soul;
What matters now the exile's tear,
The vessel's plunging roll?

All in the revel of his dream
He loiters down the leafy lane;
He plashes in the pebbly stream;
Above the storm's refrain

He hears the oriole's sweet clang;
He sees the swinging apple spray;
The same call through the orchard rang
The morn he came away.

THE WATCH BELOW

The age-long malady of grief
No earthly remedy can mend:
Alas, that only joy is brief,
That fairest visions end!

He wakes at rush of trampling feet,
And shouts and oaths that stay his prayer,
To join, at halyard and at sheet,
The seamen swaying there.

With these he lines the lurching deck,
And mans the yards that skim the seas:
He fears nor wind, nor wave, nor wreck,
Nor destiny's decrees.

In all his wrath the storm is on;
Deep calls to deep in travail-moan;
Down to the waste the boy has gone —
The weltering waste — alone.

The horror of the downward sweep.
The struggle of the smothering brine.
My guardian angel, thou wouldst weep
If such a fate were mine!

Didst ghostly forms about him flit
In the vast void of rolling foam?
Did all the demons of the pit
To mock his anguish come?

THE WATCH BELOW

Stay, weak lament! He fared not ill;
My life-dream too will soon go by.
It is his watch below; be still:
Let the wet sea boy lie!

SONNET TO A REJECTED POEM

Poor little poem, how forlorn returning
That wentest forth with how high hopes of fame!
Didst not experience a sense of shame
Or indignation mute, against thy spurning,
When nothing saved thee from contemptuous burning,
Or parsimonious selling, save my name
And paltry lucre? Ah, 'tis still the same
From age to age with much of mortal yearning.
Man toils and sweats for wealth he may not gain;
In hopeless quest of glory doth he bleed;
To fame's dim heights, unscalable, would climb.
Yet fruitless effort is not all in vain;
Success may lie in failure to succeed;
'Twas thus perhaps with thee, dear foolish rhyme.

MY NEIGHBOR OF YESTERDAY

Beneath yon widely spreading tree
From youth to age he dwelt;
So near to Nature's heart was he
Its even beat he felt.

His character wore no disguise;
He envied none his place.
The blue of heaven was in his eyes,
Its freedom in his face.

As guileless as a little child,
As thoughtless for renown,
The weighted years were on him piled,
Until they bore him down.

He took the weal, and took the woe
Of life with equal mind;
Let stream run dry, let stream o'erflow,
To the great Will resigned.

The face we ne'er shall see again
Will waver and grow dim;
The fields and streams will not retain
The memory of him.

MY NEIGHBOR OF YESTERDAY

The mighty elm that o'er it bends
With a benignant grace,
At once caresses and defends
His earthly bidding-place.

How fares he now? Oh, who shall say,
For who that way hath trod?
He was my neighbor yesterday.
He dwells to-day with God.

THE POINT OF VIEW

Dear hearts, while we from year to year,
Waking and sleeping linger here,
A vapor often climbs to view
And crawls across the concave blue.

At first a handbreadth in extent,
At last it spans the firmament;
At first a film like cobweb spun,
At last it darkens the great sun.

Yet 'tis the point of view we take
The world of difference doth make;
'Tis altering this defeats our fears
Or wins us laughter for our tears.

The mountain summit to the crowd
That stand below is swathed in cloud;
To those who soar beyond its height
'Tis bathed in everlasting light.

THE POINT OF VIEW

So life to me were whelmed in woe
While I remain were you to go,
But when the heavenly heights are clomb
'Twere joy of joys to have you come.

THE SINGER

She stood behind the golden rail
With other singers;
To bring *them* back my efforts fail;
Her vision lingers.

Face after face they all have fled
Through memory's portal;
One after one they all are dead;
She is immortal.

They sang for fame, or praise, or pay,
And won and lost them, —
Baubles that tarnish and decay
Where time hath tossed them.

The music that they made is gone
Past all returning;
The music that she made goes on
Like the stars' burning;

For heaven and earth to bring more near
Was her endeavor,
And as she sang when she was here
She sings forever.

THE SINGER

When earth grows dim and the far sky
Is growing clearer,
Part of my joy will be that I
Again shall hear her.

ON THE SHELF

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use,
As though to breathe were life.

—*Tennyson's Ulysses.*

“To pause, to make an end!” to heed
The hours’ procession moving slow,
From mortal inward wounds to bleed,
But not to die face to the foe;

To see the strong world crowding on
With unspent energy and fire,
Prize after prize to yield unwon,
And sadder yet to lack desire;

To see vacations come and close,
Returning now to work no more —
No more with toil to earn repose,
Although more weary than before.

Nor this alone, since memory
Runs backward to the age of gold
(An age to most unknown to be
Till squandered is its wealth untold);

ON THE SHELF

But now to think of hours misspent,
Of opportunities unused,
Of losses that were accident,
But are the Master's trust abused;

Of wisdom's pages left unturned,
Of conscience damaged by pretense,
Of heedlessness that left unlearned
The lessons of experience;

Of dues to God that were not given,
Of words for mourners left unsaid,
Of treasure not laid up in heaven,
Of efforts that were never made.

And now to stand without the fight,
All powerless for a single stroke,
Where wrong is hotly pressing right
Whose standards waver in the smoke,

To hear the cheers that rend the air
When error's champions assail,
To sink to earth in mute despair,
Since truth unaided seems to fail.

My God, it is a time of pain,
Of peril and extremity;
The solaces of earth are vain,
But I will stay myself on Thee;

ON THE SHELF

Will heavenward turn my earnest gaze,
Will overcome my slothful self,
Will seek the knowledge of Thy ways,
Though rusting on this dusty shelf.

Until at last when life is done,
And thou dost not my prayers refuse,
I shall be found a living stone,
And polished for the Master's use.

TOM REED'S SCHOOL DAYS

Read at the Unveiling of the Reed Statue at Portland, Maine,
August 31, 1910.

'Tis often said and sung in prose and rhyme
That, recognizing an eternal plan,
Of all the fabrics from the loom of time,
The costliest and comeliest is man.

'Tis not the semblance we to-day unveil,
Nor yet the scene tradition will recall,
'Tis not the massive bronze that will prevail,
It is — it is the great original.

His presence dominated hall and street;
His voice at need rang stormy music then;
His epigrams we oft and oft repeat;
We meet and greet no more this man of men.

But faithful memory conducts us back —
To far-off scenes of trouble, touched with joy,
Along the lengthened decades' tangled track —
Back to the schoolroom, where we find the boy.

TOM REED'S SCHOOL DAYS

Unspoiled by praise, unvexed by fortune's frown;
Unlike his kind, for like him who could be?
Unknown as yet, here in his native town;
A lad desirous of fame is he.

But droll the drawl when, having made his bow,
The new declaimer has the stage and floor;
And deep the seer's dream revealing now
The houses hushed, the tables on a roar;

The nation's fierce arena of debate;
The staying of her gladiators' game;
The recognition legislators wait;
A people's plaudits and the world's acclaim.

'Tis in the schoolroom that the strife begins, —
Self against self, with conquest or defeat;
'Tis here the baser or the nobler wins
When, issue joined, these adversaries meet.

But dauntless, though his first endeavors fail,
And habit, regnant long, resists control;
Regarding not if ridicule assail,
Ambition's thrill he nurtures in his soul.

No blatant boast of arrogance is here,
Nor prophecy of battles to be won;
The day is seized and, scorning failure's fear,
The struggle, strenuous and long, is on,

TOM REED'S SCHOOL DAYS

Wherein, though once impatient of restraint,
He flinched from discipline's refining fire,
He yet shall win, surrendering complaint,
The self-control that subjugates desire.

Regarding loss, in honor's service, gain;
To one high purpose stubbornly he clings;
Resists allurements that have heroes slain;
Nor heeds her song, whatever siren sings.

So, as the scroll of midnight is unrolled,
Some tireless searcher, with illumined eye,
Resolving mysteries the stars enfold,
Lets fate, and chaos, and the hours go by.

The harp of life awakens at his touch;
The gleam of genius steals into his face;
He bides his time to gather in his clutch
The long-denied ambitions of his race.

Ah, ill for one, the favorite of fate,
Of gifts exalted or a noble name,
Whom sloth and pleasure charm, and enervate,
And bring forgetfulness in place of fame.

But well for him, in cruel fortune brave,
Who molds condition, like the potter's clay;
Whose wit and wisdom overmatch the grave,
And hold the foe oblivion at bay.

TOM REED'S SCHOOL DAYS

Majestic Shade, where thou abidest now
Beyond defeat, decrepitude, and dust,
Accept thy schoolmate's laurel for thy brow;
Renown's endowment to the ages trust.

THE QUEEN OF TOMPKINS SQUARE

I met her at the Mission School
And wooed and won her there —
The sovereign of the golden rule,
The Queen of Tompkins Square.

She was a little woman when
She made my heart her thrall;
Little I find her now as then
And yet a queen withal.

The boys she taught were sharp as sin
And rough as hickory bark;
She wiled the wily gamins in
And made them toe the mark.

In rankest "Mackerelville" they hived
Hard up against the leads;
On Sunday mornings she arrived
And hauled them from their beds.

In spite of sickening odors there,
And drunken curse and scoff,
She washed their faces, brushed their hair,
And marched the urchins off.

THE QUEEN OF TOMPKINS SQUARE

She made their miseries her own;
She bore their pains and smarts;
Her soft tongue broke the flinty bone,
And won their heathen hearts.

I saw these pagans Christians made,
Their dirt and squalor flee;
“The girl who made this change,” I said,
“Is just the maid for me.”

Her sire, a portly merchant prince,
And I a student spare;
How dared I claim (I wonder since)
The Queen of Tompkins Square?

Call me a fool or sinner's son;
An angel I would wed,
If fool I was 'tis fools rush on
Where angels fear to tread.

She bade me bend her father's will;
Her father's will was hers.
She loved me as she loves me still,
But fate might be averse.

I sought the governor not afeared, —
I was a giant then —
And let him know I came to beard
The lion in his den.

THE QUEEN OF TOMPKINS SQUARE

"I need a wife like her", I said,
 "To make me do my best;
To conquer fear, and keep my head,
 And button up my vest."

"I do not ask for less or more;
 Expense shall be defrayed;
Take in your mat and lock the door,
 But let me have the maid."

'Tis said some moments lucky are,
 When schemes are well begun;
The wish made with the shooting-star
 Is in the moment won.

The time to strike the iron is when
 The stubborn bar is hot;
The time to set the wilful hen
 Is when she'd lief as not.

That happy hour how well I know!
 How could I well forget?
'Twas many and many a year ago
 And I am happy yet.

My trustful heart he did not grieve,
 But used me like an heir;
"And so I won my Genevieve," —
 The Queen of Tompkins Square.

THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN

In the secluded, sleepy town
A little world his will obeys,
As when his ships went up and down
On the wide ocean ways.

So long he trod the reeling decks
With watchful eye and wary feet,
As though he still of danger recks
He walks the stable street.

So well he scanned by day and night
The veering clouds and fickle sea,
His vision, like the eagle's sight,
Seems strange to you and me.

So long he felt the jar and fret
Of storm, and calm, and tidal roll,
The strength and weakness these beget
Have passed into his soul.

He does not know the landsman's art
To plead and please, and overreach;
Unfenced as ocean's fields his heart,
As fraught with storms his speech.

THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN

Though sometimes through his eyes there gleams
A love-light, soft as flame refined,
In his severer moods he seems
A stranger to his kind.

When evening's sombre curtains fall
And lights from heavenly casements leap
He hears the sea-bird's cry and all
The noises of the deep.

The welkin fails to comfort him
Whose boundary our vision bars;
He longs to pass its girdling rim
And raise the alien stars.

When slumber seals his wakeful ears
His voyages he makes once more,
By reefs that erst have wrecked him steers
And hears their breakers roar.

The good ships, once his joy and pride
But long the driftwood of the seas,
He guides where fleets and navies ride
His pride and wonder these.

His crews are those he shipped of old;
They grumble still, and sing, and swear;
Their bones are mixed with pearls and gold
That pave the kraken's lair.

THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN

His gaze fixt on the warning glass,
The guiding stars, the needle's poise,
He keeps all watches as they pass —
Till dawn the dream destroys.

Of the long voyage oft he thinks,
Across a water never passed,
And trusts, whatever floats or sinks,
To make the port at last.

Think not his deeper self to know;
His handshake thine, his smile, his bow;
But his companions long ago
Are his companions now.

ANOTHER DAY

Lord, as the evening's curtains lower
And night comes stealing on,
I offer one petition more
Before my day is done.

It is not for belated fame,
Nor yet for honor dear;
It is not to escape the shame
Of failure or of fear.

While many stress and struggle shirk,
And shun the stormy seas,
I ask Thee still for earthly work
And not for heavenly ease.

Tho saddened oft by scenes of strife,
By violence and crime,
I am not weary of my life,
Nor out of sorts with time;

But would return, a child again,
In the millennial age;
Would grow to manhood with its men
And in its work engage;

ANOTHER DAY

Would see its sights, would breathe its breaths,
Would hear its battle cries;
Would do its deeds, defy its deaths,
And share its agonies;

Would see the heaven of heavens laid bare,
The earth's foundations rocked;
And powers of light and darkness where
In mortal conflict locked;

Till Wrong is worsted and undone,
And Right receives the crown,
And in the West the sanguine sun
In triumph has gone down.

To dwell in my eternal home
Desire doth not abate,
But to behold Thy kingdom come
I bid my longing wait.

Not mine to alter Thy decrees,
Nor to assign my task;
But this the day my vision sees,
And this the boon I ask.

IN THE GLOAMING

'T was long ago, so long I hardly dare
To reckon, when in morning's mellow gleam,
A shining shadow down the shining stair,
Glided to meet me like a tender dream.

'T was long ago, the gentle violets
Their hues have gathered and their fragrance shed
So many times that jealous memory frets
No longer that the morn from her has fled.

'T was long ago, the selfish world without
My soul so oft has harried with its strife,
And swept the selfish world within to rout,
That the fair morning seems another life.

'T was long ago, but sometimes ask I yet:
Before the gloaming darkens will the air
Grow luminous again? ere I forget
Will the sweet shadow steal a-down the stair?

HAIL AND FAREWELL

The world will wear a sadder face,
Its heart will bear another pain,
That for her pity's tender grace
Its hungry search will be in vain.

"Her eyes were homes of silent prayer";
Her heart was like a swelling sea,
And many a grief and many a care
Were gathered to their sympathy.

Her mind was like a temple old,
Whose walls were hung by pious hands,
With offerings of gems and gold,
The ample spoils of many lands.

Or, rather, like a Christian fane,
With windows bright and portals wide,
And pouring harmonies to gain
The throngs that long have truth denied.

To lose her from our eager ken,
To lose her thought to ripeness grown,
To lose her presence, are as when
A richly freighted ship goes down.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

A chasm cleaves the ocean stream,
The waves close over as before,
The lonely seabirds wheel and scream,
The stately ship returns no more.

While dazed and shivering at its brink,
Where sorrow's deep to deep replies,
It seems incredible to think
The grave could win so rare a prize.

It cannot be that earth is all,
That she today is less than we,
That death can hold within its thrall
A life like this; it cannot be.

The heart whose throbbing silent is
To earthly senses beats on high;
The star-like soul is quenched in this,
To brighten in another sky.

Oh, whom but yesterday we knew,
Whose thoughts today we cannot tell,
We know thou still to truth art true;
Hail, gracious spirit, and farewell!

THE HOUR

This is the hour all History shall claim.

There is a moment in the lives of men,

In this and every age, one moment, when
A noble deed may win undying name;

But this, bloom of the century, doth shame

All years that have been, or may be again,

For Freedom tracks Oppression to his den.

"This is the hour," is writ with blood and flame
Across the continent — "this is the hour."

Stand, statesmen, stand! the crisis now is come;

Your firmness nerves your country's arm with power.
Speak, orators, or be forever dumb!

United North, advance — strength is your dower —
And stand, and strike, and you *must* overcome.

1861

THE MAN

“Where is the man?” I heard one in despair.

“The dauntless Moses, that shall lead us through?

Or blameless Arthur? — they that overthrew,
And left without a name, the heathen, where
They filled the land, as locusts fill the air.”

Wretch! to your country and yourself untrue,
Fear not; the duty it is yours to do
Is this: Go, breathe the battle's breath, and there
Take all your heart, Life, fortune, hope of fame,
(Like him last fallen — Freedom's latest boast —
Nathaniel Coeur de Lyon be his name —

With hearts like whose, a handful were a host,
And each the Man), your dearest love and hate,
Lay on your country's altar. God is great.

1861

THE GILMAN HOUSE

The meeting-house is but a dream:
It vanished like the snow
That arches the corroding stream
And mingles with its flow.

The graveyard, just across the way,
Across the way remains;
Its mould has fattened on decay
And losses are its gains.

Its rolling verdure rests the eye—
A sea with foamless waves;
And vanished generations lie
Beneath its billowy graves.

The parsonage is standing yet
With more than local fame;
A century's rains its roof have wet —
"The Gilman House" its name.

Here Parson Gilman honors scorned,
And here he multiplied;
And here he mourned, as Jacob mourned
When lovely Rachel died.

THE GILMAN HOUSE

Why should I mention lesser names
The world has never heard?
Their piety the stars outflames —
These saints uncalendared.

As heaven is high and earth is round,
And vast the deep's abyss,
The circling sun has rarely found
A fairer scene than this.

The storied "ledge" climbs high behind,
The fields drop low before;
Beyond are islands silver-lined
Where warring waters pour.

Old manse, of kindred long bereft,
My life its limit nears;
Thy age is youth, to thee are left
Another hundred years.

Thy company are memories,
The ghosts that throng the night,
The warriors in phantom guise
That storm the rocky height.

For thee the red man lives once more;
He hunts for human game,
And frightened hamlets melt before
The tomahawk and flame.

THE GILMAN HOUSE

But here the living come with me
To find where life was given,
And here the sainted dead to see
The door that led to Heaven.

THE OLD SAINT

The day is gone, the solemn night draws down;
From the dim deeps their treasured splendors stream.
She sleeps, like Jacob near the Syrian town;
And earth and heaven commingle in her dream.

Her faithful life is drawing to a close,
Its labors and its cares she leaves behind;
And mirror-like, her peaceful visage shows
A trusting heart and a will disciplined.

Low as the wavelets whisper to the sand,
Soft as the moonlight's message to the sea,
Low, soft, and sweet, here in the border-land,
The mortal's call to immortality.

She hears the mother-song of long ago,
She breathes the verse that was her evening prayer;
Her brow is whiter than the sifted snow,
Her lips and heart are silent, she is there.

There, where the troublings of the wicked cease;
There, where the tired pilgrim is at rest;
There, in the haven of eternal peace, —
God's city with the mansions of the blest.

THE HUNNEWELL GARDENS

The light of the azaleas has paled;
The circling boughs unloose their leafy band;
The magic mirror is at once unveiled;
And, lo! the cunning of a Merlin's hand.

Enchantment's spell is on the sleeping stream;
On the still sky, and the unbreathing day;
On the rapt gazer, and the pictured dream
Whose changing pageant passes not away.

The sinless birds retain their paradise;
The murmuring bees with nectar-freight are piled;
The air is sweet with many melodies;
Pain is estranged, and sorrow is beguiled.

Beyond, the halls of learning stay the gaze
Where aspiration wrestles with desire;
But here, content, the guardian genius, sways
The hearth of age, and cheers its mellowing fire.

Thrice honored hearth of him whose generous hand
On all who come bestows these treasures rare;
Long may this hand its ample stores command;
And late may Grief with these her mantle share.

THE HUNNEWELL GARDENS

From this high arbor, solitude's retreat,
Where care's consuming worry ends its pain,
And low ambitions grovel at my feet,
My vision compasses the mimic main.

Here fancy finds an Oriental sea,
With spicy breaths from "Araby the blest,"
With galleys gay and banners flying free,
And bales of commerce floating to the West.

The verdurous loveliness that charms the eye;
The water that the twilight turns to wine;
The airy argosies that voyage high;
Gold cannot gain them; dreamer, they are thine.

Stay then, and dream through the delicious day,
Till evening folds thee in its peace serene;
Dream on, till light and life dissolve away,
And death, God's angel, comes and shuts the scene.

THE GIRL THAT STOLE MY HEART AWAY

The girl that stole my heart away
Was Angelina Popinjay.

'T was long ago her letters say,
(I write as though 't were yesterday).

I know not how she wrought the theft,
The casket of the gem bereft,

And yet it rather seems to me
She must have coaxed away the key.

I know not when it was unless
A moment of forgetfulness.

And where the dreadful deed was done
My wits can give assurance none.

Methinks I was beside the elf;
Perchance I was beside myself.

THE GIRL THAT STOLE MY HEART AWAY

She would not long forgiveness lack
Were she to bring the treasure back;

But when I supplicate the maid
She claims the trinket is mislaid.

The hurt were not so sorely felt
Did I alone adorn her belt.

She wears the hearts of several dozens
Of brothers (?), lovers, friends and cousins;

Our woes the unassorted spoils
Of artless arts and bloodless broils.

She shows them as the savage shows
The horrid headgear of his foes.

Ah me! who other than a savage
The precincts of the soul could ravage?

And who believe, but such as she,
That misery loves company?

But what's the secret of her charm?
What is it works this world of harm?

THE GIRL THAT STOLE MY HEART AWAY

Is it a merry, flashing eye,
A mocking laugh, a melting sigh,

A voice whose music is the dream-
Y babble of a mountain stream?

Is it, with subtle self-control,
The fusing of the sense and soul

That conquers fears, and tempers joys,
And bliss impossible alloys?

Is the heat-lightning of her smiles
The consummation of her wiles?

Or is it just her charming chatter
That makes the mischief of the matter?

Why, Angelina, vex a fellow
Until his leaf is sere and yellow?

For gracious pity's sake make plain
The secret of this teasing pain.

Your sisters too would die to know
Your cause of joy as theirs of woe,

THE GIRL THAT STOLE MY HEART AWAY

And science with an equal mind
Would classify your cruel kind.

No more — no more — except to say: —
O maid who with my heart made way,

And will not give me yea or nay,
I know not why I am today,

So pestered with a popinjay.

MY WHITE-CAPPED NURSE

Day by day, with unconscious grace,
You come and go, my white-capped nurse;
As light your step, as bright your face
If woes or blessings I rehearse.

Strange to your kindred, far from home,
And meeting with unquickened breath
Man's final foe, you have become
Familiar with the face of Death.

When, in the spacious void of night,
He came and paused beside my bed
Once and again, and seared my sight,
You held my hand until he fled.

Now, as I leave this sacred room
And you, I breathe a farewell prayer
That Heaven may bring you fadeless bloom
And I inhale the fragrance there.

SIPPICAN

It is a perfect summer day,
My senses rest, my fancies play;
And, rocking in a painted boat,
Recalling scenes in lands remote,
I seem at rest, the shores afloat.

The dear old town, how still it lies.
Like princess fair, with sealéd eyes,
The sleeper of a hundred years.
Long let it sleep ere Greed appears,
To stir its passions and its tears.

The buildings crowd together all
As close as if outdoors were small.
Its homely houses hug the street,
The lapping waters lave its feet,
It rides at anchor like a fleet.

Once, ships were launched here, year by year;
The energy of trade was here.
But shipyards now are overgrown;
Yon lofty warehouse stands alone,
And tumbles its foundation stone.

SIPPICAN

The stream of business ebbed away,
Like tides from harbor and from bay;
 And Commerce frightened from her track
 (When war obscured the skies with rack),
 Unlike the tides, doth not come back.

And still, as if to compensate
For treatment harsh of adverse fate,
 Nature, the grievance to redress,
 Doth robe the spot with loveliness,
 Healing the hurt with fond caress.

It is a satisfying sight,
The wave is like a mirror bright;
 The rocks that in confusion lie,
 And with contentment fill the eye,
 Are ruins older than the sky.

The merry bathers scream and shout;
The silent skiffs flit in and out;
 The fishers to the fishers call;
 The hawks, high sailing, poise and fall;
 The eye of God is over all.

Southward there toss, in breezy play,
The white-capped waves of Buzzard's Bay;
 And, rising as a misty breath,
 Like shores beyond the sea of death,
 The islands of Elizabeth.

SIPPICAN

The daylight fails, the twilight falls;
The shadows scale the horizon's walls.
 Bird Island light glows and grows low;
 The gurgling waters past me flow;
 Out, like the tide, my life will go.

This dreamful quiet, this repose,
This scene of peace is tame to those
 Who love the "vexed Bermuda's" roar,
 Or tumbling surf on Labrador,
 Where Ocean's warring waters pour;

Or, goaded by misfortune's stings,
Would view the end of cosmic things —
 The desolation of Seguin,
 When wind and sea come screaming in,
 Where wasteful chaos doth begin.

But, ye who long for perfect peace,
Come here, where agitations cease;
 Pour on your trouble this soft balm;
 Drink the clear music of this Psalm;
 And know "there is no joy but calm."

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE

"I shall watch for you, papa." — Dying words of a child.

She stood at the beautiful gate of heaven
And scanned the throngs as they entered there.
Her face was serene as a soul just shriven,
And seraph-like were her features fair.

She had held her place while a score of summers
And winters on earth went slowly by;
She had searched the faces of countless comers,
But the face she looked for drew not nigh.

But she grew not weary with her waiting;
She did not deem it a long delay.
It was not a place to quarrel with fate in,
And it was not time that passed away.

As they came, like carrier pigeons homing,
Her eyes at times grew misty and dim;
And she kept repeating, as they kept coming,
"I told papa I would watch for him."

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE

She was not the only one there who waited;
There was many a face as grave and fair,
And many a heart with delight was sated,
For many were reunited there.

But at last her vigil was well rewarded,
For the form she sought before her stood,
And eyes that remembered her own regarded
Her own, and in all that multitude!

But how changed were both since the hour they parted,
When the home she loved was lost to sight,
Where those she left had been broken-hearted!
But that was darkness and this was light.

“And what did they do now?” you ask, as I did.
They left behind the beautiful door
And went on together, so long divided,
But never to be divided more.

THE BUTTERFLY

He loitered on from flower to flower
With easy, undulating swing;
A guileless cheat of childhood's hour,
Without a care, without a sting.

Bloom after bloom he touched and passed
Lightly as fairy waves his wand;
Though hat in hand I followed fast,
He idly floated just beyond.

His life perchance was sweet as mine,
His work as useful in its sphere,
His brilliancy a gift divine,
To Nature's heart his presence dear.

At last I crushed him in my grasp
And spilled the splendor from his wing,
Unconscious of his pleading gasp, —
The dying, desolated thing.

But morning's trickish glamour gone,
And evening's pensive languor nigh,
The tasks of eve and morn undone,
I still pursue the butterfly;

THE BUTTERFLY

Some luring and elusive bliss,
Some flickering wisp whose grasp were vain;
If Heaven but deign to grant me this
What matters lesser creatures' pain?

O dullard! slow to understand
That happiness is vainly chased,
But clutched by selfish, ruthless hand,
The primal impress is effaced.

Then give me back the childhood scene, —
The land of bloom, the sea of sky,
And, wandering o'er his wide demesne,
The tireless, tameless butterfly.

There would I leave him all his own,
Lord of the realm that loves him best,
And I secure would hold my throne,
The monarch of a peaceful breast.

DEAREST ONE

A SONG

My thoughts are all of thee,
Return, return to me.
How fast the moments fly
My love when thou art nigh;
How long and sad the day
When thou art far away,
Dearest one, O dearest one.

My heart is drawn by thee
As by the moon the sea;
Thou art my soul's desire;
Thou art my altar's fire.
Thine, thine I am alway,
Thou dost my being sway,
Dearest one, O dearest one.

My prayers are all for thee
Wherever thou may'st be;
That all thy days be bright,
That all thy thoughts be right;

DEAREST ONE

That angels thee protect,
That Heaven thy steps direct,
Dearest one, O dearest one.

My life I give to thee —
The life thou dost not see;
For thee my lamp I trim;
For thee my sight grows dim;
For thee my fingers fly,
For thee I live and die,
Dearest one, O dearest one.

THE DESIRE TO DEPART

Not to escape the ills of life,
Not that I dread misfortune's knife,
Not that I would my duty shirk,
Not that I weary of Thy work,

Is my desire to depart,
Dear Lord, who searchest all my heart
Thou knowest I would still remain
In spite of all that gives me pain, —

The daily burdens that I bear,
Infirmities that none can share,
The purposes I fail to keep,
The downfalls over which I weep;

Thou knowest if I long to go,
When troubles seem to overflow,
From storm without and strife within,
And all the wretchedness of sin;

It is not that I now behold
The sapphire gates and streets of gold;
That down the vistas of my dreams
Celestial, fadeless glory gleams;

THE DESIRE TO DEPART

That loved ones who have gone before
Re-cross the flood to guide me o'er,
And teach my lips, in place of sighs,
The melodies of Paradise:

Nor yet that I shall enter in
Where they abide who never sin,
Who rest from weariness and pain,
From heartache and a tangled brain;

It is that when this life is done,
Its work complete, its battles won,
Apart from evil I shall be
Forever, blessed Lord, with Thee.

WABAN MERE

“ . . . splenditior vitro.” — *Horace*.

Fair centre of a fair demesne,
Thyself its fairest part,
A lovely thing hath never been
Without a lovelier heart.

For thee the mid-day's splendors burn,
The midnight's stars are thine;
And eve and morn the twilights turn
Thy waters into wine.

The scene is necromancy's dream —
Is nature's sorcery:
The shore and sky bewitch the stream,
The stream the shore and sky.

The present in confusion lies;
The vanished past is here;
And pictures of the future rise
From thee, enchanted mere.

WABAN MERE

A mellow, mediæval light
Comes down like golden rain;
And changes yonder mansions bright
To old chateaux of Spain.

The meadows billowy and warm
Are meads of Sicily;
And, down their deeps, the gliding form
Is fair Persephone.

'Tis here the siren-music wins
That never ruin brings:
Ulysses here entranced begins
And ends his wanderings.

Here duty points and knowledge leads
The eager, earnest throngs
To winning words, and dauntless deeds
Shall right the ages' wrongs.

Do here CEnone's sorrows lurk
Like mists in cloudless skies?
Doth here deception's sorrow work
The guile of Helen's eyes?

It may not be. O sentient thing,
More luminous than glass,
Such shadows do not hither fling,
Deflect them as they pass!

WABAN MERE

Thy beauty is the aureole old
That haloes learning's brow.
Time need not "fetch the age of gold,"
The age of gold is now.

TO TORQUATUS

Horace — Book iv: Ode vii.

The snows have fled, and now the growing grass
Reclothes the fields, the foliage the trees;
The earth renews her youth, and dwindling pass
The streams between their borders to the seas.
A Grace with sister Nymphs unites, and these
Lead on the dance, unzoned, without a fear.
Wisdom with Nature in this word agrees —
The admonition of the changing year —
On immortality man may not reckon here.

The cold is tempered by the soft west wind,
Spring yields to Summer in her turn to die,
Fruit-laden Autumn's treasures are consigned
To Winter, whose chilled blood moves sluggishly;
The seasons' waste the seasons remedy:
But we, once dead, are dust and shade for aye,
Like good Æneas, Tullus royally
Begot and rich, and Ancus in his day
Renowned, but now their bones lie moldering in decay.

TO TORQUATUS

Who now can know if the Superior Powers,
That mortal destinies arrange before,
Have with to-day's conjoined to-morrow's hours,
As with these days the days that are no more?
Thy utmost hoard thou thinkest to outpour
With unaffected kindness in thy heart;
The greedy heir, who eyes the expected store,
Before his time must from these scenes depart,
And death alone will soothe his disappointment's smart.

Thou, too, Torquatus, when cut off at last,
What time stern Minos issues his decree,
Wilt not escape thy fate, albeit thou hast
Descent, and eloquence, and piety;
Since not Diana even may set free
The pure Hippolytus with earnest prayer;
Nor Thèseus' efforts may rewarded be
To break the chains of Lethe's prison, where
Lies loved Pirithous, forlorn in his despair.

THE LILY POND

O fons Bandusiæ splendor vitæ. — *Horace.*

O lily-pond, thy early charm
The years have not effaced;
The wooing wild-wood's amorous arm
Has wandered round thy waist.

The treasure at thy rainbow's end
As day is nearing night
When sheen and shadow interblend,
Is memory's delight.

The palpitating butterfly
Still eavesdropping doth seem
As tree-tops whisper ceaselessly
The scandal of the stream.

Rome's cruelty of long ago
Is a forgiven crime.
This dragon-fly is working woe
Now, as in Nero's time.

THE LILY POND

It is not old, it is not new,
This conquest and defeat; —
The fish-hawk dreaming in the blue
And dying at my feet.

The guardian ferns' asexual brood
Is envious of the bloom
That overleans the luring flood
A-dallying with doom.

Like angels now ignoring time,
Or saints in mortal guise,
These lilies with their roots in slime
Are fragrant of the skies.

Fair fountain, 'neath thy leafy screen,
Nor luminous than glass,
While nimble seasons shift the scene
The sluggard ages pass.

Eternity engulfs them all, —
Event and incident.
The changeless is ephemeral,
The changing permanent.

OLD AND YOUNG

Grandpa, what are the drums a-saying?

They beat so long, and beat so low;
And you old soldiers step together
So solemn-like, and sad, and slow.

They're saying, boy, that we remember

The lads that held the sticks before;
And we are marching now together
Who soon will meet and march no more.

Grandpa, what are the bugles saying?

Their music sounds so sad and sweet,
It almost takes me up to Heaven,
Where I could kiss the angels' feet.

They're telling, boy, of a better country

With brighter sky and softer air;
And they who dared to die for duty
Are gone to live forever there.

Grandpa, why do we take the flowers

And leave them on the ground to die,
With little flags among them waving?
You dropped them there, and so did I.

OLD AND YOUNG

We take the flowers, boy, and leave them
Above the soldier-dead to-day
Because their sweetness still reminds us
That bitterness has passed away.

Why do so many people, grandpa,
Go to the church, and pray, and sing,
And speak some poems and orations,
And never want to end the thing?

They go because they never tire
The story of the war to hear,
And they are grateful to the soldiers,
This soldier-day of all the year.

Then don't you cry about it, grandpa;
The tears are running down your face;
When you are buried with the others
I'll be a soldier in your place.

THE DERELICT

Beyond the rim of waters vast
They saw her canvas gleam,
And then the apparition passed
Like an elusive dream.

She vanished out of human ken,
She lost her name and fame;
But heaven alone knows where or when
Her desolation came.

The crew, that manned and banned her, now
Nor calms nor tempests vex;
The pirate billows board her bow
And sweep her slimy decks.

Only the wild winds strike her bells,
The blind waves heave her wheel;
Her leaks are streaming as the swells
Her gaping seams unseal.

Upflung against relentless skies
Or downward dragged amain,
Heaven heedeth not her agonies,
Or heedeth them in vain.

THE DERELICT

Shunned by her kin and kind, though still
At heart as proud as they,
She bides her time to work her will
And holds her fate at bay.

While leven-brands forbear to strike,
As clouds above her frown,
She haunts abysses, phantom-like,
That wait to wash her down;

Until Despair's appalling call,
In some uncharted zone,
Shall urge her o'er its verge to crawl
And make the plunge alone.

What high hopes perished in her clutch
Eternity may tell,
The snarl untangle with a touch
And break the fatal spell.

THE FORESIDE MEETING HOUSE

The Meeting House belies its age today;
The spot its loveliness unspoiled retains;
The silver shimmer of the isle-strewn bay
Still passing, still remains.

Here gathered they who in contrition came
With sin and sorrow and their solace found;
Here left memorials to last when fame
Oblivion has drowned.

Here, in the morning and the evening hush,
Their faces grave by sacred flame illumed,
Devotion's sacrifice, like Horeb's bush,
Burned and was not consumed.

Here turning oft from earth to Heaven their gaze,
They loved, these dwellers in Faith's age of gold,
To hear their elders, in the olden phrase,
The older truth unfold.

And here the singing of the rural choir
Was touched to heavenly harmony as when,
Their voices thrilling with celestial fire,
The angels sang to men.

THE FORESIDE MEETING HOUSE

As then the forest presses on behind;
The pasture stretches to the wave before;
The fishhawk circles wide his prey to find,
But these — no more, no more!

Yet there's a breathing in the brooding air,
A glamor in the dawn and death of day,
A presence, nowhere and yet everywhere
That is, and is not, they.

Today we worship at the ancient shrine,
Remote from noise and worriment's alarm;
We gaze our fill on Nature's face divine
Uncheated of a charm.

And when the shrine and scene we leave behind,
Childhood and age will gather, year by year,
The Sabbath satisfaction still to find,
And lose their burdens here;

For yonder molten mirror will be bright,
The girdled landscape meet the girdling skies,
And God His children to His Fane invite
When we are memories.

DEBORAH YORK

All along this fair "Foreside"
Where her kindred lived and died
When the tide of time ran slow,
Pours the tide of travel now.

Here her lover wooed and won her,
When the dew of youth was on her;
Here she heard the Master calling
When the frosts of age were falling.

Here she learned the stirring story
Of her country's youth and glory;
Here began and ceased her work;
Here they buried Deborah York.

Near yon spireless country church —
You may find them if you search —
At the town's dividing bound
Are the marble and the mound.

All her years this side of heaven —
They were threescore and eleven —
Are, like songs of minstrels olden,
Golden verse with music golden.

DEBORAH YORK

Many children, many cares;
Many sorrows, many prayers;
Sweetly sad her sigh and laugh;
‘Our Mother’ her epitaph.

Now her children too are gone,
Sons and daughters, every one;
Some lie where I sit and ponder;
Three beneath the ocean yonder.

What is left of Deborah York?
What remains to praise her work?
Trouble made her losses plain;
Tell me, is there any gain?

Is the landscape fairer for us?
Bends the blue arch bluer o’er us?
Are yon flashing waves more bright
That their sheen was her delight?

Nay, ah nay, these scenes forget her
And the stars know not one letter
Of the legend, oft passed over,
On the headstone in the clover.

Yet her life was not in vain:
Angels did she entertain;
Though they came in human guise
They were angels in her eyes.

DEBORAH YORK

Children's children now revere her;
Duty's cumbered path is clearer;
Faltering faith obtains assurance
From her courage and endurance.

Many lives today inherit
Something of her affluent spirit,
This with increase to transmit
For the ages' benefit.

Since the golden bowl was broken,
Since the final words were spoken,
Many a knave has ceased to plot,
Many a hero been forgot.

Lips, whose speech our own controlled;
Heart, that did our hearts enfold;
Presence, gracious in her sway;
What and where art thou today?

Pride and pomp will quickly pass;
Honor soon is tarnished brass;
Fame becomes a tasteless crust;
Dust returns again to dust;

But afar, in highest Heaven,
Whiter now than star-dust driven,
Sainthood's circlet on thy brow,
Deborah York, a queen art thou.

THE SLEEPING SOLDIER

On the wild battlefield where the bullets were flying,
With a ball in his breast a brave soldier was lying,
While the roar of the cannon and cannon replying,
And the roll of the musketry shook earth and air.

The red ooze from his breast the green turf was a-stain-
ing;

The light of his life with the daylight was waning;
From his pain-parted lips came no word of complaining;
Where the fighting was hottest his spirit was there.

He had marched to the van where his leader com-
manded;

He had fall'n like a pine that the lightning has branded.
He was left by his mates like a ship that is stranded,
And far to the rear and a-dying he lay.

His comrades press on in a gleaming of glory,
But backward he sinks on his couch cold and gory;
They shall tell to their children thereafter the story,
His lips shall be silent forever and aye.

THE SLEEPING SOLDIER

A smile lit his face, for the foe were retreating,
And the shouts of the victors his lips were repeating,
And true to his country his chill heart was beating,
When over his senses a weariness crept.

The rifles' sharp crack, the artillery's thunder,
The whizzing of shell and their bursting asunder,
Heaven rending above and the earth rumbling under,
Nevermore might awake him, so soundly he slept.

He had rushed to the wars from the dream of his wooing,
For fame as for favor right gallantly suing,
Stern duty each softer emotion subduing,
In the camp, on the field — the dominion of Mars.

And there when the dark and the daylight were blended,
Still there when the glow of the sunset was ended,
He slept his last sleep, undisturbed, unattended,
Overwept by the night, overwatched by the stars.

1862

THE CITY OF MY YOUTH

The town I knew is sunk from sight,
The waves above it flow;
And still the streets are laved in light —
The light of long ago.

It nestles warm among its trees,
As comes and goes the day;
'Tis peopled with the fantasies
That charm and cheat decay.

I seek here what I cannot find,
What will not come I crave —
The recognition that would bind
And make my heart a slave.

The pleasant nod is not for me,
Unstirred the placid face;
The generation that I see
Hath other trysting place.

The homes oft visited before
Are unfamiliar grown;
The church's long-frequented door
Remembers not its own.

THE CITY OF MY YOUTH

The schoolroom is a haunted house;
The creaking floors are whist;
No pupil lingers but the mouse,
Who will not be dismissed.

Yet Fortune's visage doth not lack
A smile to match its frown;
The dial's shadow travels back
Whereon it was gone down.

Impetuous boyhood comes again
With reckless rush and shout.
Transfigured at the flaming pane,
Unaging youth looks out.

The dwelling place my own so long
Withdraws its threshold bar —
Its memories about me throng;
The days that are not, are.

My loved ones give me olden cheer,
Unfaltering love and trust;
One moment they are gathered here,
The next and they are dust.

O vanished city of my youth!
Eternal are thy years.
Thy sorrows are my joys in truth;
Thy happiness my tears.

CHASTENING

Lord, when Thy chastenings come,
And desolate their home,
Then how can any feel
That these Thy love reveal?

Did not His giving prove
Our Father's tender love?
Then wherefore should we say
His love doth take away?

Why should His love delight
The trusting heart to smite?
And why, if smite He must,
Shall any longer trust?

Be still, complaining soul;
On Him thy burden roll; ¹
Thy faithful friend is He,
Who still life's end can see.

God's giving surely shows
That tender love He knows;
But love that gives us breath
As tenderly gives death.

CHASTENING

Is His example vain
Who lost that we might gain?
Then how shall we refuse
At His command to lose?

But cast thine eyes about;
A little look without,
And see how any fare
Who not thy losses share.

Note how they cling to earth;
Regard their selfish mirth;
Not one of them for thee
Affordeth sympathy.

Heaven's gifts they take, and yet
The Hand that gives forget;
And find, till life grows sere,
Their satisfaction here.

Earth's pleasures having tried,
And being satisfied,
The joys beyond the grave
They never learn to crave.

But thou, since earthly gain
With thee doth not remain,
Art taught thereby to prize
The riches of the skies.

CHASTENING

Then learn, fond, foolish heart,
To bear affliction's smart;
For whom He chasteneth
God loveth as He saith.

THE HEART OF OCEAN

The grove's endearments are not thine,
Heart of the moaning sea;
The measures of the palm and pine
They murmur not for thee.

No land bird risks despair and loss
Among thy channels dim;
The sea-gull only dares to toss
On thy upheaving rim.

Thy far beginning hath no date;
Thy years no lines confess;
No shadow marks thy dial-plate
Sea-smoothed and fingerless.

Like some uncharted asteroid,
Or derelict of space,
Thou art without a form and void
And chaos is thy face.

Thy tides forever fall and swell;
Thy depths forever sleep;
Thy noises to thy silence yell —
Deep calling unto deep.

THE HEART OF OCEAN

The argosies of Fancy's dream
That vanished in the west;
The argonauts thy cheating stream
Lured to her siren breast —

The sanguine story of their woe
In mortal anguish traced
Oblivion's finger long ago
Insensibly effaced.

The pirate craft and privateer
In slaughter's net entailed;
The merchantmen they grappled here
And ruthlessly despoiled;

The battleship that gained at last
A requiem's renown;
That nailed her country's colors fast
And thundering went down: —

All now "have suffered a sea change"
And in thy silence lie,
With the creations old and strange
That never breathe nor die.

The tumbled hulks that chaos mock
No diver will reveal;
The treasure, guarded by no lock,
No cunning thief will steal.

THE HEART OF OCEAN

Around, the caverns dark and deep
Where phantom seamen roam;
Above, the wastes where tempests reap
The harvests of the foam.

Earth has no mystery like thine;
No line can fathom thee;
What art thou? Demon or divine?
Heart of the moaning sea!

OUR YEARS

As a sigh! As sweet and as sad;
A fugitive heritage they:
A moment to grieve and be glad:
Our years that are passing away!

A sigh, and a smile, and a sigh:
A balance of sorrow and mirth:
A birth, and a break, and to die
And vanish forever from earth.

To wake, and to sleep, and to wake:
To sleep, and to wake, and to sleep:
A bubble to rise and to break
And melt in the measureless deep!

Our years! but a gleam and a gloom;
A twilight with twilight to blend:
A flash to the shadows illumine
That childhood and age comprehend!

Our years! but a gloom and a gleam;
A splendor that is and is not:
A dream that is dreamed of a dream:
A tale that is told and forgot!

OUR YEARS

O what then is being? and why
Is time with mortality rife?
If man is to breathe but to die,
Then what is the meaning of life?

Our God, 'tis from Thee we are come:
For Being immortal we yearn;
Not here but beyond is our home,
And there with our years we return.

THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL*

Palid and cold as the morning star,
On the hill the old church stands;
A landmark tall, it is seen afar
In the circumjacent lands.

With cloud or with sunshine overhead,
With bloom and decay below;
Guiding the living, guarding the dead,
It watches the century go.

Here, long ago, the savage stood,
With be-scarred and painted breast;
And here, by the never resting flood,
He lies in unbroken rest.

The conquering pale-face too is here,
They slumber not far apart; —
God's children and Nature's — both lie near
To His and to Nature's heart.

We read on the fading marble page,
Such names as we speak to-day;
But He reads names of a race and age
Whose language has passed away.

THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL.*

They reared no fane for their praise and prayers,
Nor pondered ponderous tome;
They worshipped their fathers' God and theirs
Beneath Heavens' ampler dome.

Let priests in their old cathedrals lie,
And the kings their abbeyes fill;
But these sleep well 'neath the older sky,
On the windy, Indian hill.

* * * *

Farewell old church! I'll remember thee
On thy breezy swell of graves,
As a Pharos, lighting life's dark sea,
And taming its raging waves.

1878

*NOTE. — The meeting house of the first (Congregational) church of West Springfield, Mass., was erected in the year 1800, and it was a provision of the will of John Ashley, who gave the society a considerable sum as a fund for the support of the gospel, that the society should worship on this spot, and the building be kept in good repair, for one hundred years. The edifice, which is a good and well preserved specimen of the church architecture of New England at the commencement of the century, stands on an elevation at a bend of the Connecticut, and may be seen at a great distance. It has a churchyard adjacent, a part of which seems to have been an Indian burial ground.

“THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL”

Far down beneath thy shifting vane
The dead unchanging lie;
The river murmurs its refrain
And ever hurries by.

A hundred years and more the light
And shade on thee have striven;
Thou art familiar with the night
And all the stars of heaven.

The levin bolt has touched thy spire;
But rain, and hail, and snow,
And all the elemental ire
Have failed to lay thee low.

A stern serenity is thine
Beneath inconstant skies;
Within are memories divine
And sweet old melodies.

For here, released from toil and care,
The steadfast people came;
The preachers climbed the pulpit stair
A hundred years the same.

"THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL"

The prayer and praise these courts did fill,
The messages of cheer,
Were vocal in thy silence still
Were ears attuned to hear.

Thy congregations all are gone,
Save what around thee lies,
And we will leave thee all alone
With thy dear memories.

1909

THE PHANTOM COASTERS

The coasters of the past are back, —
The Emblem, Effort, Enterprise;
'Twas long ago they went to rack,
But lo, they loom before my eyes.

Below the cliffs that saw them strike
And foaming breakers round them fold,
Their skeletons are hidden, like
The pirate's Bible and his gold.

Yet now, as in their golden prime,
The circles of the sea they sweep:
They pass behind the veil of Time
And traverse the primeval deep.

About them howl forgotten gales;
Above are prehistoric skies;
The fleet of Greece beside them sails
And Troy town's wreck behind them lies.

DUCKY DADDLES

Ducky Daddles, Ducky Daddles,
Why it is I do not know
You and I and Tommy Traddles
Ever older had to grow.

You, at least, should both forever
Stay as when I knew you first;
He should not the school charm sever
You should please and tease as erst.

Such a noodle Tommy makes him —
Self in judge's wig sedate!
Who cares now what torment takes him? —
But his skeletons were great!

And the canings Creakle gave him
Made him friends by many a score,
But nobody wants to have him
'Neath his pillow any more.

Why? Because he isn't Traddles
Any longer. Don't you see?
And too, dear Ducky Daddles, —
But I will not hateful be.

DUCKY DADDLES

You and I croquet were playing
Only several (?) summers back.
Now, grave nonsense you are saying,
In the parlor, you and Jack.

Only think about it, Ducky,
I am used to being told,
I'm a gray-beard (how unlucky!)
But you need not be so old.

Do not hurry life a minute,
'Tis a race you can't refuse;
Though today you long to win it,
Bye and bye you'd rather lose.

Though my heart your wiles have plundered
I must always call you friend;
Though my years become a hundred
You are "Ducky" to the end.

THE HAUNTED RUIN

All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses.

—*Longfellow.*

The place, untouched by vice or crime,
Is yielding to decay;
And patient Nature bides her time
To gain her ancient sway.

Nearer and nearer, year by year,
The wildwood's tangle creeps;
And springtime hints of harvests here
That autumn never reaps.

The graceless squirrel frolics nigh
And looks askance at me;
A houseless vagabond am I,
Lord of the manor he.

The spring, that slaked the stranger's thirst
With mud and weeds is filled;
Where the shy robins builded erst
Their bold descendants build.

THE HAUNTED RUIN

A desecrated violet bed,
A pansy, weed-entombed,
A rose, of desolation dead,
Tell where a garden bloomed.

The lilac tall, the walk beside,
Whose breath pervades the air,
The housewife, when she came, a bride,
Transplanted fondly there.

The winter storms have rent the roof,
And in these chambers still,
Wherefrom the human holds aloof,
The wild thing has his will.

The hare comes here to multiply
Her fair and foolish kind;
And Reynard sly, intent to spy
A covert to his mind.

Yon blackened pile despoiled, undone,
Bemoans its ravished fire,
Like desolation brooding on
The embers of desire.

The door-step dreams of frequent feet
That gladdened it before;
And phantoms fill the vanished seat
Beside the vanished door.

THE HAUNTED RUIN

Like homesick birds from some strange coast,
The spectral guests are come,
Remembering the oldtime toast
"A house that is a home."

They call to mind the hostess' smile
The chimney's cheery flame;
And evening's hour again beguile
With song, and dance and game.

But where are they, — the children born,
Cradled, and nurtured here;
Who broke the stillness of the morn, —
Rivals of chanticleer?

One prayer they prayed, one scheme they laid,
Their aims and dreams the same;
One image in life's glass they made
Till love's estrangement came.

Now, in the golden fleece's quest
Two, reckless, roam the deep;
And two, in the delusive west,
Elusive fortunes heap.

The rest, where troubles ne'er betide,
And storms to stillness yield,
Sleep, as they slept here, side by side
In yonder weed-grown field.

THE HAUNTED RUIN

But lo the genius of the place, —
The demon of unrest;
A vagrant now, in evil case,
With all the ills oppressed!

He comes, mayhap, from Lethe's gloom;
His sunken eyes are dim;
Or yet, the portal of the tomb
Has swung ajar for him —

Vacant his visage as of yore;
Disconsolate his air;
He falters at the vacant door
And joins the phantoms there.

AT SIMON'S HOUSE

She seeks her Saviour as she is,
Her sin confessing;
She knows no other way than this
To win His blessing.

She seeks the Saviour where He is;
'Tis hard to enter,
But shame and scorn allied for this
Do not prevent her.

She comes to Him no gift to ask;
She brings the Master
The choicest thing she has, her flask
Of alabaster.

She stands where He reclines at meat,
Derision eyes them;
Her tears, they wet His dusty feet,
Her hair, it dries them.

She comprehends sin's discontent
And disappointment,
As humbly, dumbly, penitent,
She pours the ointment.

AT SIMON'S HOUSE

Her burdened spirit He uplifts
And not accuses;
Though well He knows her life, her gift's
Unhallowed uses.

She entered in contrition's mien,
In sore affliction;
He sends her forth in peace, with e'en
His benediction.

O sinner, let not shame nor hate
Thy spirit trample;
But come at once, and imitate
Her brave example.

Forget it all — their evil heart,
Thy ill behavior;
And where He is, and as thou art,
Seek thou the Saviour.

Bring Him thy gift; though stained with sin,
He will receive it.
The vilest still may enter in.
Dost thou believe it?

TO DELLIUS

(Horace — Book II. Ode III)

O Dellius, when there blows an adverse wind
See thou preservest an untroubled mind!

And when prosperity attests thy worth
Refrain as well from unbecoming mirth;
For thou must die and vanish from the earth.

Whether thy life be spent in sorrow's ways
Or in the griefless flow of festive days
Thou lollest at thy ease in pastures where
The hours are dreamed away remote from care,
Choicest Falernian thy comrade there.

Where the vast pine and poplar pale have made
Their blended boughs a roof for social shade,
And where between its winding banks the stream,
That babbler-in-an-undertone, doth seem
To shiver by, fugacious as a dream.

Bring hither wine, be lavish of perfume
And the too-quickly-fading roses' bloom,

TO DELLIUS

While youth remains with opportunity,
And their dark threads awhile (how fruitlessly)!
Are left unfingered by the Sisters three.

Soon wilt thou leave thy widely purchased grove,
Thy mansion with its satisfying loves,
Thy villa that the tawny Tiber laves, —
Wilt leave them all, and to the wind and waves
Thy heir will cast the wealth affection saves.

It matters not if riches thee were lent,
From ancient Inachus thy long descent,
Or if ignoble and of beggar birth
Beneath the naked heavens they flung thee forth,
The victim of unpitying Orcus' wrath.

We are all hurried to the self-same bourn,
The lots alike are shaken in the urn
That soon or late our destiny will mark
And send us helpless, by the fateful bark,
To endless exile and the boundless dark.

BENEATH THE PINE

Beneath the shadows of this tree
I laid the forms of children three:
George, Agnes, Edith were the names
We knew them by on earth; but now,
In splendor that time's twilight shames,
A crown on each unsullied brow,
What names they bear I do not know.

The first to go was George; his life
Was ten sweet months. Then came our strife
With death; and then it seemed as though
This dreary, empty world would be
A cavern for the ebb and flow
Of waters of a sunless sea,
Until the end for mine and me.

Two summer days was Agnes' stay;
Then, whence she came, she stole away.
The light of heaven was in her eyes;
She seemed to hear the songs of heaven,
And feel the breath of Paradise,
Like Hesper on the brow of even,
And, ah, our hearts again were riven.

BENEATH THE PINE

Then Edith, with the eyes serene:
The angels claimed her at fifteen.
Their faces I cannot recall;
Compassionating my distress,
She watches from my study wall,
And, soothing me with mute caress,
Increases still in loveliness.

Dear Edith, this soft summer day
Thy daisies on thy grave I lay,
And find here, by the modest stone,
Whereto it shyly seems to cling,
A clover-blossom, all alone —
A shrinking, slender, snowy thing
Like thee — June's fragrant offering.

Three little graves. The children three
My loving Father lent to me,
And claimed again with right divine
And equal love, are lying here
Beneath the shadows of this pine;
Remote from change, or pain, or fear,
Or footfalls of the passing year.

Yet are ye here my children three?
Beneath the shadows of this tree
Do ye sojourn with darkened eyes?
Nay, ye abide in splendor bright,

BENEATH THE PINE

In ample mansions of the skies.
Beyond our darksome day and night,
Yours are eternal years of light.

And here I stand, and muse, and wait,
No longer now importunate;
No more insisting that I know
How Providence should answer prayer;
But as God wills I want it *so*.
My treasures are in heaven, and where
The treasure is the heart is there.

EDITH

Time, that doth take what none would give,
Whose wisdom men deride,
Hath taught me, child, that I can live
Without thee by my side.

That time disedgeth grief for me
I count almost a crime;
But wherefore speak of time to thee
Since thou art done with time?

Thou mournest not thy ravished years
In heaven, thy dwelling-place,
For God hath wiped away the tears
From thy unclouded face.

I grope in ignorance, alone;
Contentious cares are mine;
Thou knowest now as thou art known:
The peace of Christ is thine.

Thy heavenly form I cannot see,
Thy voice I cannot hear;
I talk with One who talks with thee,
Whom alway thou art near.

EDITH

The lesson 'twas so hard to learn
A comfort 'tis to know —
Thou never canst to me return,
But I to thee must go.

Thy earthly pains are ended now,
And all this mortal strife
Is alien unto thee, for thou
Hast entered into life.

Small satisfaction can I take
On earth since thou hast died;
But when I in His likeness wake
I shall be satisfied.

CONSOLATION

It binds my spirit like a spell,
Relief hath time denied;
The world is empty as a shell
Since gentle Edith died.

When fancy paints her saintly grace
My heart to reconcile,
It only counterfeits her face
And simulates her smile.

When memory recalls her voice,
Her laughter's melody,
It brings not back the tender joys
That have forsaken me.

Small consolation hath the thought
That others grief have known;
Though pain in every heart is brought
It lessens not my own.

But when with one of old I cry,
"Was ever grief like mine?"
It stills my passion to reply
That sorrow is divine;

CONSOLATION

That One who took my nature bears,
Although in heaven the chief;
His human crown of sorrow wears,
And fathoms every grief;

And that his sympathy's embrace,
Wide as eternity
For those who look upon His face,
Is not withheld from me.

HEAVEN

O Heaven, how glorious thou art,
What splendor thine must be,
Since all things beautiful and pure
Remind the soul of thee!

O Heaven, how vast thy spaces are!
The gems that midnight wears
Are mansions our ungrudging Lord
For our abode prepares.

O Heaven, how free from want thou art!
How filled with riches rare!
And all the good from toil released,
Are taking treasure there.

O Heaven, what blessedness is thine,
Where God hath fixed His throne,
Where sin will never find its way,
And sorrow is unknown!

O Heaven, how dear to me thou art!
I think, with joy and pain,
Of loved ones there who wait for me,
But come not here again.

HEAVEN

O Heaven, how do I long for thee,
So glorious thou art!
When will thy splendor fill my eyes,
Thy holiness my heart?

LIEUTENANT ADOLPHUS W. GREELEY

Genial companion of my army days,
Here, sitting in the soft, enchanted light
Of home, before my glowing anthracite,
I think of wastes of snow, of iced-closed bays,
Of the near North with its auroral blaze;
Of ghostlike Nature in her gown of white —
Somnambulist that roameth through the night,
With horror fascinating all that gaze.

But more than all beside, I think, dear friend,
Of thee and thy heroic band forlorn,
For whose return so many prayers ascend,
Now waiting for the tardy Arctic morn,
Determined still to battle to the end
And win "the victory of endurance born."

AT BREAD LOAF INN

Above the woody summits of these hills,
Whose wavy outlines gird and wall around
The "cup-like hollow" where is Bread Loaf Inn,
(A pleasant place to spend vacation time),
A silence broods the sultry summer day,
That seems like a perpetual repose.
The clouds that hang above us in the vault
Of heaven are anchored, and their shadows lie
Unmoving patches on the forest trees.
A smoky haze to Bread Loaf mountain clings —
Broad-shouldered Bread Loaf, with his garb of spruce.

Along this winding vale and on the slopes
Within the clearings are the Ripton farms.
The graveyard is beyond the brook below,
The grass uncut about its marble slabs.
The grain is ripening in the fertile fields.
Beneath my windows, past the apple trees,
I hear the rattling noise the mower makes
Who cuts the daisied grass with his machine;
I hear him calling to his horses now,
That halt and start obedient to his voice,

AT BREAD LOAF INN

Like human-kind. I hear the prattle, too,
Of children with their nurses on the walk —
This hostelry is children's paradise.
The loungers on the broad verandas read
Apart, or sit in groups to chat or sew,
Or doze, or smoke, and all without a care,
Behind the vines that screen them from the sun.
A gentle breeze is stirring in the leaves;
It feels its way like fingers of the blind,
And finds and fans my face; I know not whence
It comes, nor whither goes; I hardly know
The north or south, the east or west, nor care
To know; I scarcely hold in mind my name.
My mind is empty like a sea-searched shell
That asks not for another occupant.
To me this is a dreamy lotus land,
A land of peace and sweet forgetfulness,
A land whose summer is an afternoon,
A land where sings the happy oriole,
A land whose summer nights are always cool,
A land of showers and perpetual green,
A land to me without a sigh or care.
Beyond the summer-house, in the ravine,
The brook runs on, bridged only by the trunks
Of fallen trees, where patient anglers love
With skilful hand to cast and cast the fly,
And snatch the shining troutlets from the pool;
Where youths and maidens stroll, and children wade;

AT BREAD LOAF INN

Where young and old and middle-aged resort
To while away the long, bright, summer hours.
And oh, if earth holds an Elysium,
It is not in some Eastern palace grand,
With sacred groves and ancient memories,
With fountains playing in a perfumed air,
With songs of bul-bul and of nightingale,
Where Art and Nature make a Paradise,
Where brutes are deified, but men are slaves,
And God is not in all the range of thought;
'Tis here, where every man was born a king,
Where summer's heat today is on the hills,
But winter's blast will purify the air,
And trouble's trials purify the soul,
And man with Nature climb the slope to heaven.

THE BROOK

Bright mountain brook that flowest at my feet,
Forever laving this unheeding stone,
The music of thy liquid monotone
Unchanging all day long dost thou repeat.
Musing I gaze upon thee from my seat,
Not lonely, altho never more alone,
Since thou art company and I am one
To whom thy noise is melody complete.
Would I could daily go my way like thee:
My voice as soft as thine, my smile as bright,
My course as fearless toward that mighty sea
That all the streams of life awaits; the night
Of gorge and chasm unthought of; my delight
To do each day the work appointed me.

THE LAKE OF THE LOST PLEIAD*

Enchanted lakelet! crystal mountain well!

Bright dimple on grave Nature's placid face!
Some wizard long enthralled thee with his spell
And held the secret of thy hiding-place.

All round thy rim primeval forests frown;
Their timid tenants venture here alone;
The midnight moon, in rapture gazing down,
Regards thy beauty and forgets her own.

Today thy story was revealed to me,
Who spied the breeze thy pensive face caress;
With shouts I set imprisoned Echo free
And learned the charm of thy sad loveliness.

A Pleiad banished from her home in heaven;
Her virgin, vestal flame went out on high;
Sterope, fairest of the sisters seven,
Came down to earth, where bleeding love may die.

Her affluent affection spent in vain;
Her malady beyond the hope of cure;
Since sister-sympathy increased her pain,
She fled the anguish she could not endure.

THE LAKE OF THE LOST PLEIAD*

How long she wandered here we may not know,
Nor read the story of her mundane years,
Till heavenly powers, pitying her woe,
Transformed its burden to this vase of tears.

And here she rests; while daily, evermore,
The cup that evening empties morn refills;
Her kindred Pleiads grieving as before,
Her peace protected by these guardian hills.

*NOTE.—Some call the seventh Pleiad Sterope, and relate that she became invisible from shame, because she alone had loved a mortal man.

SEA SORROW

Sit still and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.

The Tempest, Act I, Scene II.

We lay along the steamer's deck,
Beneath an awning's screen;
Of time and tide we did not reck;
Our envy was the cloudlet fleck
That sailed the sky's demesne.

The cloudlet seemed soul-satisfied,
As one divinely shriven;
It roamed the empyrean wide,
Dissolving in the sunlight's tide
And sinking into heaven.

As seabird, poised on balanced wing,
The tempest sweeps before,
With measured might, and shuddering,
The good ship, like a living thing,
The heaving deep drove o'er.

Prone on her cumbered deck we lay
While day and dark were twined,

SEA SORROW

As through the Gulf she took her way,
Then, northward, flung the Atlantic's spray
And left the South behind.

A crowded hospital, she rocked
On the deserted deep:
Without, the sea her sorrow mocked;
Within, disease despair unlocked,
And anguish tortured sleep.

I feel to-day the vessel's quiver,
The rattle, throb, and jar:
The hush returns, as if the river
Of life had flowed away forever,
And bared its moaning bar.

The measured tramp the silence breaks
As, borne by comrades four,
His final march a soldier makes,
Where reveille no longer wakes,
And taps will hush no more.

The prayer is said: the shotted shroud
Is swallowed by the sea;
The sobbing engines groan aloud;
The heads are lifted that were bowed,
And on our course are we.

SEA SORROW

Ah me! it was a week of pain,
With frequent pause like this:
With many a burial in the main,
And many a prayer that seemed in vain,
But ne'er a mother's kiss.

We wondered, as we slid them down,
How soon our turn would come;
And then aside such thoughts were thrown
For what the sea can never drown, —
The memories of home.

The last one in delirium tossed
From dawn till set of sun:
Visions of home his visage crost;
His final fight was fought, and lost,
Though braver ne'er was won.

We gave him, 'neath the watchful stars,
The flag for winding sheet:
His memory no stigma mars;
For medals he wore honor's scars;
He never knew defeat.

We gave them all to the great tomb
That does not know decay;
Where alway there is foaming bloom,
And evermore, till Doomsday's boom,
'Twill be Memorial Day.

TENNYSON

As one each evening with a new surprise,
 Spieth sweet Hesper, from the fading West
 Filling with light, — largest and loveliest
In the returning hosts that throng the skies,
What time the twilight-gates of Paradise,
 Awhile ajar, reveal the realms of Rest —
 Canaan unreached — whose vision makes us blest
With sacred sadness, till our tears uprise; —
So, ever smitten with a new delight,
 We turn to thee, — Hesper of Poesy, —
Subdued effulgence, — depth of perfect light,
 Drawn from rare twilights upon sky and sea;
From dim-lit lowlands, sombre solitudes,
Autumnal splendors of the waning woods.

THE WELLESLEY FLOAT

June 18, 1901

Swan-like in grace and rhythm-like in motion,
The fairy navy skims the fairy ocean.

In shade and sheen, with deft manoeuvres pass
The squadrons cruising over crinkling glass.

Like flashing fire-flies, idling to and fro,
The trim canoes illumined come and go.

In the dim sky the crescent moon is hung;
Enchantment's glamour o'er the scene is flung,

For those entranced who crowd the curvéd shore;
Is this a witching dream? Can it be more?

'Tis surely some magician's mockery;
Such loveliness could never really be.

The shells, converging to a centre now,
Assemble star-wise, mooring bow to bow.

THE WELLESLEY FLOAT

A brighter light's illuminating stream,
And boats and rowers all transfigured seem.

The clustered crews a moment's space are still;
Anon their songs the listening silence thrill.

Dreaming of happiness they hope to find,
Singing of days and tasks they leave behind,

They win applause. But ah! they start the tears
Of some recalling their ecstatic years

(Ere trouble came and Heaven denied their prayers)
When youth and health and happiness were theirs.

But now the rushing rockets soar on high,
And flame-like flowers blossom in the sky;

Their loosened petals showered on the air,
The pageant closes, and the scene is bare.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES

No more ye sway and shimmer in the sky,
In happy fellowship together bound,
But swirl and scatter o'er the alien ground,
Strange to each other in adversity.
Forgotten is the amorous melody
That, in the equinoctial roar, was drowned,
As up and down ye wander, sorrow-crowned,
Like Jephthah's daughter who must childless die.
Yet, as the stars unquenched, unflickering, burn
While daylight chases darkness round the sphere,
The germ of life in dissolution's urn
Heeds not the pressure of its swathings sere;
And ever, as aforetime, shall return
The efflorescence of the opening year.

THE OLD SHIP-YARD

The ship-yard that I knew so well
Lies sepulchered below the hill;
Some strange enchantment on it fell,
The mallet and the ax to still.

And after many and many a year,
I stand by its neglected grave,
The noises of the past to hear
And see the Pilgrim take the wave;

For launching-day is here again
With throngs, and cheers and hearts elate;
The tide, as punctual as then,
Is brimming now and will not wait.

The shores and spurs are knocked away;
The people, motionless at gaze;
The masts, and trees and buildings sway;
The bark is gliding from her ways.

The flags are snapping in the sky
And on her decks, from side to side,
The line is rushing, with the cry
Of "Roll her, roll her," ringing wide.

THE OLD SHIP-YARD

The mimic waves that curl and break
Repeat the murmur of the main;
Whose winds and waters wait to make
The joy of the occasion vain.

By night and day, by day and night
She sailed to meet the rolling rack;
She vanished out of mortal sight,
And only now her wraith comes back.

Released by the relenting sea,
From mist and murk and sea birds' scream,
To people, as of old, for me
The voiceless yard, the vacant stream.

MARY

" A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

— *Wordsworth.*

The house is changed where Mary lived.
And, passing to and fro,
I marveled that so many grieved
That she from earth must go.

A quiet little maid was she,
And very sweet and shy;
I knew not what she was to me
Until she came to die.

A single decade was she here,
And then she slipped away;
She vanished from the waning year
And from the broadening day.

Her coming brought a happy face
That recent sorrow stilled;
Her going made a vacant place
That never can be filled.

MARY

Beyond the filmy, flying drift,
Beyond the stars she fled;
And when my gaze aloft I lift
I do not count her dead.

Her grave is where the sunshine spills
Its wealth o'er nature's charms;
Around it are the sheltering hills,
Beneath, the quiet farms.

Does Mary ever think of earth?
Does she come back again
To "mix her fancies" with our mirth,
And with our grief as then?

Does she resume the vacant place
And fill the empty seat?
Is there a glory in her face
The sun cannot repeat?

We cannot tell what — more or less —
To angel life is given;
We do not know and cannot guess
The ministries of Heaven.

When death anoints our closing eyes
Perchance their vision is
That only fancied barriers rise
Betwixt that life and this.

MARY

That parting is a name — no more —
 Whatever mortals say;
That Mary has not gone before,
 But dwells with us to-day.

'TIS UNAVAILING NOW

'Tis unavailing now,
 Bewailing wasted years,
 To shed remorseful tears.
 To grieve o'er gifts abused,
 Or talents left unused,
Is unavailing now.

'Tis unavailing now
 To tell of work undone,
 Of souls unwatched, unwon,
 Of warning words unspoken,
 Of bread of life unbroken —
'Tis unavailing now.

'Tis unavailing now
 On Memory's cold floor
 Our losses to outpour;
 To hoard them up with pains,
 As misers hoard their gains,
Is unavailing now.

'TIS UNAVAILING NOW

'Tis unavailing now,
Eating our daily bread,
The evil days to dread.
To falter in the fight,
When wrong repulses right,
Is unavailing now.

'Tis unavailing now
Our insignificance
To plead in failure's 'fence,
Or fault to find with fate
Because we are not great —
'Tis unavailing now.

'Tis unavailing now
To heave a single sigh
That we so soon must die.
To pray that life may end,
If fortune doth not mend,
Is unavailing now.

'Tis unavailing now,
As if our dead were lost,
To grudge what love hath cost.
To weep above our dead,
For tender words unsaid,
Is unavailing now.

'TIS UNAVAILING NOW

What then availeth now?
To recognize the power
That clothes the passing hour;
The gifts of God to use;
No duty to refuse;
'Tis this availeth now.

What then availeth now?
All work undone to do;
All souls unwon to woo;
The warning word to speak;
The bread of life to break;
'Tis this availeth now.

What then availeth now?
To count our losses gain
When cruel self is slain;
To reckon gain but loss
When gain is only dross;
'Tis this availeth now.

What then availeth now?
To battle while we may
The evils of today;
To smite with justice's rod,
And leave results with God;
'Tis this availeth now.

'TIS UNAVAILING NOW

What then availeth now?

To fling away our shame
Because we won not fame;
For failure still to own
The blame is ours alone;

'Tis this availeth now.

What then availeth now?

To talk with shortening breath
Of life and not of death,
Since in a life well spent
Death's but an incident,

'Tis this availeth now.

What then availeth now?

As if it had no end
To give our love, not lend,
Since love that seeks rebate
Is next of kin to hate,

'Tis this availeth now.

What then availeth now?

As often as we may
The tender word to say;
Then tears above our dead
It will be sweet to shed.

This — this availeth now.

GARFIELD

Brave sufferer, pausing betwixt life and death,
Now gazing into hopeful, anxious eyes,
Regarding now eternal mysteries!
"Be patient still," the gracious Master saith,
"A prayer for thee rises with every breath;
Heaven, not impregnable, is stormed with sighs,
And praying souls in Heaven have strong allies,
But God all prayer His own way answereth.
Remember that I chose not gain but loss,
With shame and sorrow and the bitter cross,
And death, not life, at last, for thine and thee.
Canst thou not pray with me, 'Thy will be done,'
Leaving thy matter in my hands alone,
And die, if there be need, for mine and me?"

JOE

My darling's silent pet,
It seems too strange to be
That he is with us yet
And gone so long is she.

To curl upon her bed
He came at her command;
She smoothed his willing head
With her thin, lily hand.

He went and came again
And loved by her to be;
He goes and comes as then,
But nevermore comes she.

He used to heed her call —
Her voice was soft and low;
I wonder if at all
He listens for it now.

While to and fro he steals
As noiseless as a ghost,
I wonder if he feels
A sense of something lost;

JOE

If, thinking of her yet,
And loving her no less,
He longs to pay the debt
Of many a fond caress.

I see him go and come,
Uncertain what to do,
And wonder if, though dumb,
He is a mourner too.

Of time he had a shred,
And she eternity;
Yet he sleeps on her bed,
And in her grave sleeps she.

What is it we forget
When oft and oft we say
That he is with us yet
And she is gone away?

In her eternal place,
Among the cherubim,
His speck of time and space
She never envies him.

YOU AND I

Not he who lays it on the shelf,
But he who spends his talent saves it;
He gives indeed who gives himself,
And best or worst is his who craves it.

A thousand wish our work success;
One brings us cheer because he speaks it;
A common thing is happiness;
He only never finds who seeks it.

The atom with the supreme sun
Of Nature's plan was made partaker;
Alike has each his course to run,
And show the wisdom of its Maker.

The steady seasons come and go;
The constant needle strangely falters;
The moon-drawn sea sways to and fro;
Opinions change: truth never alters.

We may resist our foe's assaults,
His sneers that sting, his blows that batter;
Correction of our daily faults
We find another, harder matter.

YOU AND I

Self has no claims when duty calls;
Our destinies receive our shaping:
Escape we may from prison walls,
But from ourselves there's no escaping.

The cruel conquests of the sword
Bring fleeting fame that soldiers sigh for;
The cheering smile and winning word
Bring love that thousands pine and die for.

An accident, a lucky star
Might lead us to the abbey's niches;
Not what we have, but what we are
Is the imperishable riches.

Is there a course we should pursue?
Through ruin's realm we must pursue it.
Is there a work for us to do?
Though death confront us we must do it.

Not how to die, but how to live,
Demands our care and best endeavor;
For character its light will give
When sun and stars are quenched forever.

ELEONORA

How many years have passed away
Since thy bloom was the bloom of May,
It puzzles me to think to-day, —
Eleonora.

Love found thee like a sweet surprise;
He looked from thy Italian's eyes
And brought the blush of Paradise, —
Eleonora.

None knoweth what the years may bring,
For joy is ever on the wing,
And trouble to the heart doth cling, —
Eleonora.

Sunk were thy eyes and white thy hair
When hope had yielded to despair,
And Sorrow's mantle thou didst wear, —
Eleonora.

But sorrow now to peace hath turned;
Its use is found, its lesson learned,
And sympathy no more is spurned, —
Eleonora.

ELEONORA

Thy dreams no more the vision shun
Of boats adrift from sun to sun
And seamen dying one by one, —
Eleonora :

Of eyes within whose depths the flame
Of love was ashes when there came
No more from ashen lips thy name, —
Eleonora ;

Of fever on a foreign shore;
Of prayers that call for thee no more;
Of dust thou never bendedst o'er, —
Eleonora.

The sea and death their eyelids press;
The sea and death wrought thy distress;
The sea and death are pitiless, —
Eleonora.

Husband and son to thee were given;
Husband and son from thee were riven;
Now thy affections are in heaven, —
Eleonora.

Affliction is not all in vain;
Loss understood becometh gain;
An angel's is the face of Pain, —
Eleonora.

ELEONORA

Death will no more life's trust betray;
Youth hath returned to thee for aye:
The cruel sea hath passed away, —
Eleonora.

TEARS FOR THE DEAD

Tears for the dead
Why do ye shed
 Over her bier?
Beautiful brow,
Pure as the snow,
 Never so dear.

Tears for the dead
Why do ye shed, —
 Tears of distress?
Never again
Pillow of pain
 Her face shall press.

Tears for the dead
Why do ye shed, —
 Tears of despair?
Though she may ne'er
Come to you here,
 Ye may go there.

TEARS FOR THE DEAD

Tears for the dead
Why do ye shed
Penitent tears?
She up in heaven
All hath forgiven,
Banish your fears.

Tears for the dead
Why do ye shed, —
Tears that accuse?
Ever to name
Death in his blame
Love must refuse.

Tears for the dead
Why do ye shed
Over her bier?
Beautiful clay!
Take it away;
She is not here.

ARTHUR

It was a day of anguish, rimmed with hate;
With trouble brooding over land and sea,
Rack all aloft and breakers on the lee,
The winds adverse, the waves importunate,
Accepting elevation reverently,
A mourner yet a master, fearlessly
Didst take command of the good Ship of State.

Thou hast commanded well; thy term is done;
To-day thou art our fellow-citizen;
And few will say thou hast not honor won,
Or call thee "great by accident" again;
And when one prays, "God bless thee," there is none
In the wide land but will respond, Amen.

THE LAND OF BEULAH

Bright land of Beulah, beatific mount,
Where the celestial city showeth plain;
Thy girdling river is the fabled fount
Where they who lave, perennial youth obtain.

Beyond, the myriad mansions of the blest
Kindle and glow in never-clouded skies;
Here, while they gaze upon the realms of rest
Immortal yearning cleanses mortal eyes.

No sorrow enters this sequestered place,
Nor party strife, nor rivalry of trade,
Nor family dissension, nor a trace
Of all the heartache selfishness has made.

The circled year is a serener June;
Remote from March's and November's frown;
The dateless day is an unwaning noon,
The charméd sun forgetful to go down.

Beneath her peace the spirit throbs and thrills,
As heaves the deep beneath the wings of calm;
While, like the dew, from depths divine, distills
The harmony of Heaven's eternal psalm.

THE LAND OF BEULAH

But friends and treasure are beyond the stream
That 'twixt them and the beck'ning splendor rolls.
And while their home they view as in a dream,
A sweet nostalgia subdues their souls.

Accusing memory is soothed to sleep;
Relentless Nemesis allows release;
Only the shiver of the diver's leap,
A moment's pang, — and then abiding peace.

I keep my journey on the heavenward way,
To gain its goal my expectation fair;
The land of Beulah draweth near today,
And still I long, and dread, to find me there.

AT A DOG'S RESTING-PLACE

JACK

(Mon pauvre chien)

Part of the sylvan scene
Where the leaves whisper and the boughs embrace,
And the lake's lilled splendor shines between,
Is the dog's resting-place.

The sunlight streaming down
The dark earth quickens all the summer day
As though it still were claiming for its own
The light that's passed away.

The snowflakes, when they fall,
From Nature's memory efface poor Jack,
But the great Being who remembers all
Bids springtime call him back.

I doubt not the great sun
And stars, in their diurnal journeyings,
With as deep interest regard this one
As tombs of Egypt's kings.

AT A DOG'S RESTING-PLACE

No, he is not forgot;
Regret is voiced by every vagrant wind;
The shade of sorrow haunts this lovely spot;
Who sees her not is blind.

So is it oft with men;
Who least attempts it highest writes his name.
Wealth, honor, glory, turn to naught again;
The cheat of cheats is fame.

No tear unheeded falls;
Heaven sent man grief — a boon beneficent;
The queenly college with its groves and halls
Is a child's monument.

These shrines will long remain;
Here willing feet their pilgrimage will make,
While Learning yields her pleasure and her pain,
And hearts are glad and ache.

PULVIS ET UMBRA

When thou art lying under ground,
Beyond the reach of sight and sound,
The world will still go round and round;

But, troubled not by fool or wise,
Unheeding all beneath the skies,
Shadow and dust will thee suffice.

The youth and maid, who stroll above,
Will dream their dream, and deem it love;
But thee, beneath, it will not move.

With all the art that song employs
The birds will celebrate their joys,
But not for thee their amorous noise.

Without the least concern of thine
Will June bestow her days divine,
October spill celestial wine,

And Nature change, with changéd dress,
From loveliness to loveliness
That nevermore will thee impress.

PULVIS ET UMBRA

However dear thy fame to thee,
With generations soon to be
It will not be a memory.

Though thou wast beautiful or brave,
Nor love or gratitude will save
Thy desolate, defenseless grave.

The epitaph, unread, unknown,
Will presently be overgrown
With lichens on the leaning stone;

The leaning stone will break in twain
And Nature, every hindrance vain,
Her old dominion will retain;

For here will summer's verdure grow,
And Winter, as the ages flow,
Fold and unfold his sheets of snow;

While, o'er thy dust as days go on,
Will deepen, until days are done,
The shadow of oblivion.

WALTER

The changing moon will circle through the skies,
The constellation's host decline and rise,
The twilights bring the hues of paradise
 Though thou art gone
 From this celestial zone.

The sun will enter every secret place,
His radiance every mote of darkness chase,
His domination every realm embrace,
 But thou art gone
 And vacant is thy throne.

The lark will soar and sing in heaven's high dome,
The homesick dove back to her window come,
The shepherd dog drive the mute cattle home,
 Yet thou art gone
 And all thy work is done.

The earth will journey eastward as before,
The ocean ebb and flow with ceaseless pour,
But I, great heart, deplore thee more and more,
 For thou art gone
 And like thee there is none.

WALTER

Alas, for constancy's devoted years!
Alas, for pleasure's aftermath of fears!
Alas, for love's inheritance of tears!
 Yes, thou art gone
 And I am left alone.

THE CHILD-ANGEL'S RETURN

A child-angel came down from her home in high heaven
To the home she had left on the earth far away;
She had dwelt for a year, or it might be for seven,
Where a day is a year and a year is a day.

But her wish was so great to return to her mother,
To her sister and father, and see how they were,
In the home she still loved, though she now had another,
She would travel to them since they came not to her.

Though the distance was great, and she came unat-
tended,
So direct was her course, and so rapid her flight,
That before she was conscious, her journey was ended,
And the scene of her earth-life had gladdened her
sight.

What emotions were hers as she passed through the
portal
Of the little brown cottage with guardian trees!
By these she was sheltered in the days she was mortal,
Who now, an immortal, revisited these.

THE CHILD-ANGEL'S RETURN

The home-picture was warm, though a cold wind was
blowing;

In the old easy-chair in the favorite place,
Her pale, sorrowful mother sat silently sewing,
And the fireside's effulgence transfigured her face.

They had made little change since the day she departed;
Her own picture was there, her wee clock on its shelf;
The mirror, the sofa, the books, and — she started,
For one place was vacant, she had filled it herself

While her father sat pensive, his thoughts not revealing,
And her sister was soothing her cat where it lay,
Down her mother's sad face was a shining tear stealing,
And her longing was mighty to steal it away.

But at this tender moment the silence was broken,
For her mother's deep sigh had fast followed her tear,
And in accents of grief were these yearning words
spoken:

“Oh, how much would I give could my Edith be
here!”

“Could she only return from her mansion in heaven,
Just to tell me again that her love is the same,
Could she say that each petulant word was forgiven,
I would ask for no more till eternity came.”

THE CHILD-ANGEL'S RETURN

And her father replied, from his seat by the table,
Without lifting his eyes as he shaded his brow:
"Dearest heart, do you know I believe she is able?
Although *we* see her not, the child *may* be here now."

Not a word more was said, but the mother was weeping,
While the father was musing again as before,
And the sister was rocking, the pet cat was sleeping,
And her clock ticked its time on its shelf by the door.

Yet the child-angel grieved not, beholding this sorrow,
For her pleasure had come after bitterest pain,
And their gladness would be all the greater tomorrow,
As the sunlight is brightest that follows the rain.

Then she breathed an adieu to her parents and sister,
She returned as she came and rejoined the bright
throng,
With these words on her lips, as a child-angel kissed
her,
"At the longest, my dear ones, it cannot be long."

TO AN OLD SERMON

From the text "What meanest thou, O sleeper?"—JONAH 1:6.

Old Sermon, ere I relegate
Thy ancient dullness to my grate,
I'll scan again the yellow pages
That tell our services and wages.

Places and dates inscribed I find,
That bring events and scenes to mind,
And here to see thy martyrdom
The living and the dead may come.

The audience that heard thee first
My memory has not treated worst,
Perhaps because its frown was feared,
And by its smiles my heart was cheered.

For, Sermon old, we did not spare
The sinners we confronted there,
And they who praised (forgiving souls)
Were those we'd hauled across the coals.

TO AN OLD SERMON

But, later on, without mistake,
Since time revenge's thirst doth slake,
Another people served us right,
And gave us our quietus quite.

It was a winter afternoon,
But might have been a day in June.
Or August even, for the air
Of ancient seasons lingered there.

The windows were as tightly shut
As though secured by bolt and nut,
The place from oxygen as free
As dungeon of the east may be.

We pictured Jonah's dismal fate,
And penitence that comes too late
To saints now sent to sinners dead
Who travel their own way instead.

We showed the godly's danger who
Proclaim the right they fail to do,
Whether the sacred desk they smite
Or slumber when they ought to fight.

'T was all in vain; the sound that came
Could not deserve repentance' name;
It was the language of repose
Whose vocal organ is the nose.

TO AN OLD SERMON

“What meanest thou, O sleeper?” hailed
The seaman, and the prophet wailed;
“What meanest thou, O sleeper?” we,
And snoring sounded like the sea.

And when our climax's height was reached
And Jonah and the whale were beached,
The census I was loath to take,
Discovered only seven awake.

My wrath within me waxing warm,
I now resolved to break the charm,
To bring their judgment to their ears,
And reach our hearers (?) through their fears.

The pulpit was the ancient kind
By Puritanic art designed;
And, like a cloudlet in the sky,
Or dizzy crag, it hung on high.

A ponderous volume bound in gilt
Lay on its outer edge a-tilt,
And thence by gesture not too rough,
With heavenward gaze I launched it off.

Down went the tome with sudden spang!
With sudden roar the rafters rang.
“What, sleeping sinner, aileth thee?”
With sudden application, we.

TO AN OLD SERMON

Old Sermon, we remember well
The afternoon this all befell.
Great was the consternation there,
And loud the buzz that filled the air.

As when, with summer languor fed,
One thinks perchance the bees are dead,
And overturns the drowsy hive
To find them very much alive.

Our anti-climax came as well,
And words of mine would fail to tell
The deacons' wrath, the sexton's vow,
The all but universal row.

The action was a master stroke
That our necks, not the others' broke;
And, therefore, on the shelf today
We moulder in deserved decay.

We moulder now, though presently
The flames will work a change in thee;
But heaven forbid, what none can tell,
That I should meet the flame as well.

Moral

The preacher is to preach the word;
To wear, but not to wield the sword;
To watch the congregation's pulse;
To seek, but not to force results.

GRANT

Hail, honored hero of the East and West!
Of stubborn purpose and of single heart!
Soul for thy country's service set apart!
Today by Freedom's lips thy name is blessed:
Today thou art a grateful nation's guest:
Today that single syllable, thy name,
Is written in our hearts: this is thy fame.
We bid thee welcome to thy well-earned rest.
We praise the Providence that thee sustained;
That gave thee counsel when man's counsel failed;
That sheltered thee where murderous missiles rained,
And shielded thee when violence assailed.
Our greatest soldier, yet with least pretence;
Simple in speech, sublime in common-sense.

AN EASTER VISION

On Easter morn I had a wondrous vision,
And sounds I heard and sights beheld Elysian.
A-straying far beyond reclaim or pity,
Methought I came to the celestial city;
I entered by an ever-open gateway,
By sights and sounds to be bewildered straightway;
And fell exhausted like a breaking billow,
The sky my roof, the floor of glass my pillow,
While high above me in a golden tower
A silver chime was pealing out the hour.

I ne'er had listened to such tuneful ringing;
'T was like a choir of holy angels singing;
And as it rang no sadness did it borrow,
But lifted off my soul its load of sorrow;
It did not ring of sin and condemnation,
It rang of holiness and free salvation;
To me, beneath, a breathless, hated dreamer,
It rang the deathless love of the Redeemer;
Again, 't was like a tide of glory flowing,
Forever there, and yet forever going.
And where I lay, deprived of speech and motion,

AN EASTER VISION

'T was rolling over like a rolling ocean;
Not cold and deathlike as a mundane billow,
But warm with life, and toying with my pillow.

I woke in tears, because without the portal:
"Alas," I said, "I am again a mortal!"
Ah me! not yet eternal peace is given;
We hear not yet the harmony of Heaven;
A chime of silver in a golden tower
Rings not today the resurrection hour;
But in our waking, not our sleeping vision,
We hear the sounds, and see the sights Elysian.
In work for Christ we find unfailing pleasure;
In blameless living lay up heavenly treasure;
To him who lives, no humblest duty scorning,
Doth every sunrise bring an Easter morning.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE GROUNDS

Pause passer, and thy thoughts a moment bend
To contemplation of this dreamy scene:
The gateless portal here, the leafy screen
Beyond, the avenue that finds an end
In seeming, where the arching branches lend'
An invitation to this fair demesne,
This unlost Paradise, whose peace serene
Means heaven's o'erflow and man his maker's friend.

Yet stay thy foot! Wisdom and Prudence stand
The unseen guardian of an unseen gate,
With smile of welcome and extended hand
For all truth-seekers, come they soon or late;
But for vain triflers, warning and command,
As they whose girdles wear the keys of fate.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN OLD MAN

(H. F.)

And is he gone — the genial, dear old man,
Whom all his townsmen knew and knew to love;
Whose simple word another's word outran,
Whose daily thoughts had long found rest above?

Long had men missed him from the busy street,
From hearths and haunts frequented many a year,
Yet still they said: "Where men and Christians meet
His place is vacant, but his heart is here."

And has he passed beyond our words and ways,
Whose life was humble as his faith sublime;
Whose sunken eyes, with serious, far-off gaze,
Saw other than the trivial things of time?

Yes, he is gone; his more than ninety years
Are numbered with the never-changing past;
We do not mourn him, Youth claims all our tears;
We give him joy that Heaven is reached at last;

TO THE MEMORY OF AN OLD MAN

Where age no more the senses can destroy,
Nor grief pursue, nor calumny assail;
Where trouble cannot qualify the joy,
Nor trifles burden, nor desire fail.

We shrink from an eternity untried,
But none can for a moment wish him back;
His faith has changed to vision; doubt has died;
The life eternal can no blessing lack.

Who would not choose a lowly life like his,
So sweet an odor to embalm his name,
In place of gifts that a high purpose miss,
And honor that the good but reckon shame?

Who would not feel, when he lies down to die,
And earthly treasures drop from his embrace,
The mist and darkness from his vision fly,
And fadeless light illuminate his face?

What language speaks he now we do not know,
Nor of his thoughts can comprehend the half,
But should their current through old channels flow,
Perhaps he would indite this epitaph:

“No further strife with ills invincible;
No more encroachment of decay and rust;
Earth hath reclaimed this borrowed particle
Of seldom-noticed, soon-forgotten dust;”

TO THE MEMORY OF AN OLD MAN

“No longer exiled from its native skies,
And freed forever from its earthly clod,
The spirit, in the Heavenly Paradise,
Is re-united to its Father — God.”

FORECAST

Take back, take back the harsh word now;
Consider it unspoken;
Break, break, though late, the angry vow
That better far were broken.

The stream of death will bear away
The object of thy passion;
Oh, then obliterate today
The thought of his transgression.

Forget the little ill, revealed
As though by hate's intention;
Remember all the good, concealed
As though by love's invention.

The hour may come when thou wilt stand
Unsheltered and unshriven;
Forgiveness' price is in thy hand,
Today let it be given.

With hatred in the heart at last
Bethink thee of his terror
Whose alienated gaze were cast
On love's eternal mirror.

FORECAST

Thou might'st endure the sight of woe —
The scoffing — the derision —
But where thou dost expect to go
How couldst thou bear the vision?

THE OLD WORLDLING

He shambles by each sunny afternoon;
His portly form is shrunk as a spectre;
His face is vacant as the morning moon;
Quaffed is his nectar.

Out of his eyes the dancing light is gone;
Out of his blood the wanton warmth that thrilled it;
Out of his air the charm that conquests won
When fancy willed it.

Proud was his port and tasty his array;
His days and nights o'erflowed with song and
laughter;
He never dreamed that these would pass away
And this come after.

He courted pleasure and secured it still;
He asked for friends, and loves, and these were given;
He craved all worldly good and had his fill;
He sought not Heaven.

THE OLD WORLDLING

His friends have vanished never to return;
His pleasures, treasures, all his heart's desire;
His passions only in their embers burn;
Mute is his lyre.

For him the eventime has brought no light;
Its sighing breezes pity as they kiss him;
The dark will bear him to the wastes of night;
Earth will not miss him.

Alas, the life that has no upward look,
No sacrifice of self, no high endeavor;
Its taste becoming, like the seer's book,
Bitter forever!

TO A WANDERER

Light was the lilt of your frolicsome feet,
Winsome your grace as a banner unfurled;
Home gave you happiness sweet and complete;
Why were you charmed by the siren-voiced world?

Fortune was bountiful though she was blind;
Youth was like morning with dew drops impearled;
Love was beneficent; What do you find
Now, in a portionless, pitiless world?

Envy has eyed you with lowering sneer;
Pity's proud lip in contempt has been curled;
Prudence has called you in tremulous fear —
Fear of a dissolute, desolate world.

Autumn's gray mists have come down on your track;
Summer's dead memories round it are swirled;
Who is beside you to pilot you back —
Back from the wildering waste of the world?

Oh for the lilt of the frolicsome feet!
Oh for the grace like a banner unfurled!
Oh for the happiness, sweet and complete!
Ah for the charm and the cheat of the world!

TO A CHILD IN HEAVEN

How dost thou fare in the high, silent skies?
Dost never weary of unfading day?
Have Time's divisions been all swept away,
And dost thou reckon by eternities?
Art young or old, dear face; childlike or wise?
Hast gazed on those who have been blessed for aye?
Art satisfied with Heaven as well as they?
Or dost thou long for us in Paradise?
Hath God wiped all thy tears away, my child?
Of thy sharp suffering lingereth no trace?
Earth-separation pangs hath Heaven beguiled?
Clingeth no clay-touch to celestial grace?
Ah! me, thy being how can mine embrace
Since thou art there and I to earth exiled?

THE MANY MANSIONS

My Father's house, — where doth it stand?
Its many mansions, — where are they?
Sometimes I deem them close at hand,
And sometimes far away.

As I behold from night to night
The lamps that He hath lit on high,
Whose myriads overwhelm my sight,
“My Father's house!” I cry.

The particles of cosmic dust
That day conceals and night lays bare,
These are the mansions of the just
The Saviour doth prepare.

Then earth were part of heaven, you say;
And why not earth, is my reply,
My Father's house, without decay, —
A mansion of the sky?

By day we seem to swing afar
Beyond the outer bounds of space;
By night among the stars we are
In our appointed place.

THE MANY MANSIONS

This mansion He will highly prize
When in all lands He is adored,
No richer gem adorns the skies
Than earth to heaven restored.

The many mansions all belong
To Thee, my Lord, supreme, divine;
My Father's house, yon countless throng,
The universe is Thine.

TO A PRESSED FLOWER

(Found in an old Latin Dictionary)

Forgotten bloom that years ago was buried,
But disentombed today beholds the light,
How many a passenger has Charon ferried
Since thy departure to the shores of Night.

No more the charge of the o'er-brooding azure,
No more the joy of human or of brute,
Like Ovid banished at a despot's pleasure,
But, unlike his, thy desolation mute.

The feet that ran for thee have ceased their running;
The cheeks that rivalled thee have lost their glow;
The hand that wrought thy wrong forgot her cunning,
With the sore sorrow of it, long ago.

Yet hast thou choice companions, gentle flower,
Cut off like thee, and sepulchered in bloom;
The Roman language, in its ripened power,
Is lying, trance-like, in this storied gloom.

TO A PRESSED FLOWER

Garlands of Horace's measures hang around thee;
The verse of Virgil twines about thy bier;
The spell of Livy's history hath bound thee;
The majesty of Cicero is here.

No voice forbad thy taking off untimely,
Fate cancels not nor alters his decrees;
Yet who denies that one has fared sublimely
Who shares the kingly company of these?

As from the cities sinking in their glory,
But rising, life-like, after many a day,
There comes the lesson from thy silent story
That death not causes but prevents decay.

A truth divine thy petals are repeating,
The formula for crazed ambition's cure —
The lives we save and guard are only fleeting,
The lives we sacrifice alone endure.

Thy comrade-blossoms soon were sere and rotten;
They perished when the frosts of autumn fell;
Mourned for a day and then for aye forgotten;
But thou remainest still their tale to tell.

Flower, farewell! Thy tints again inurning,
I leave thee with thy bright, immortal peers;
Thou to their limbo passionless returning,
I to a busy world of joy and tears.

HIS MONUMENT

Abiding as the pyramids it stands —

His monument that does not bear his name,
This loftier Pharos lit with learning's flame
Whose radiance gladdens earth's remotest lands.
It was not builded with reluctant hands
To publish to mankind a despot's fame
And taunt the children with their father's shame.
So vast a labor only love commands.
Where many fail in life wouldst thou succeed
Superior to hate or accident?
Efface thyself when thou hast done thy deed;
Let the delight of doing, thee content.
Not thee but thine the generations' need;
Their betterment becomes thy monument.

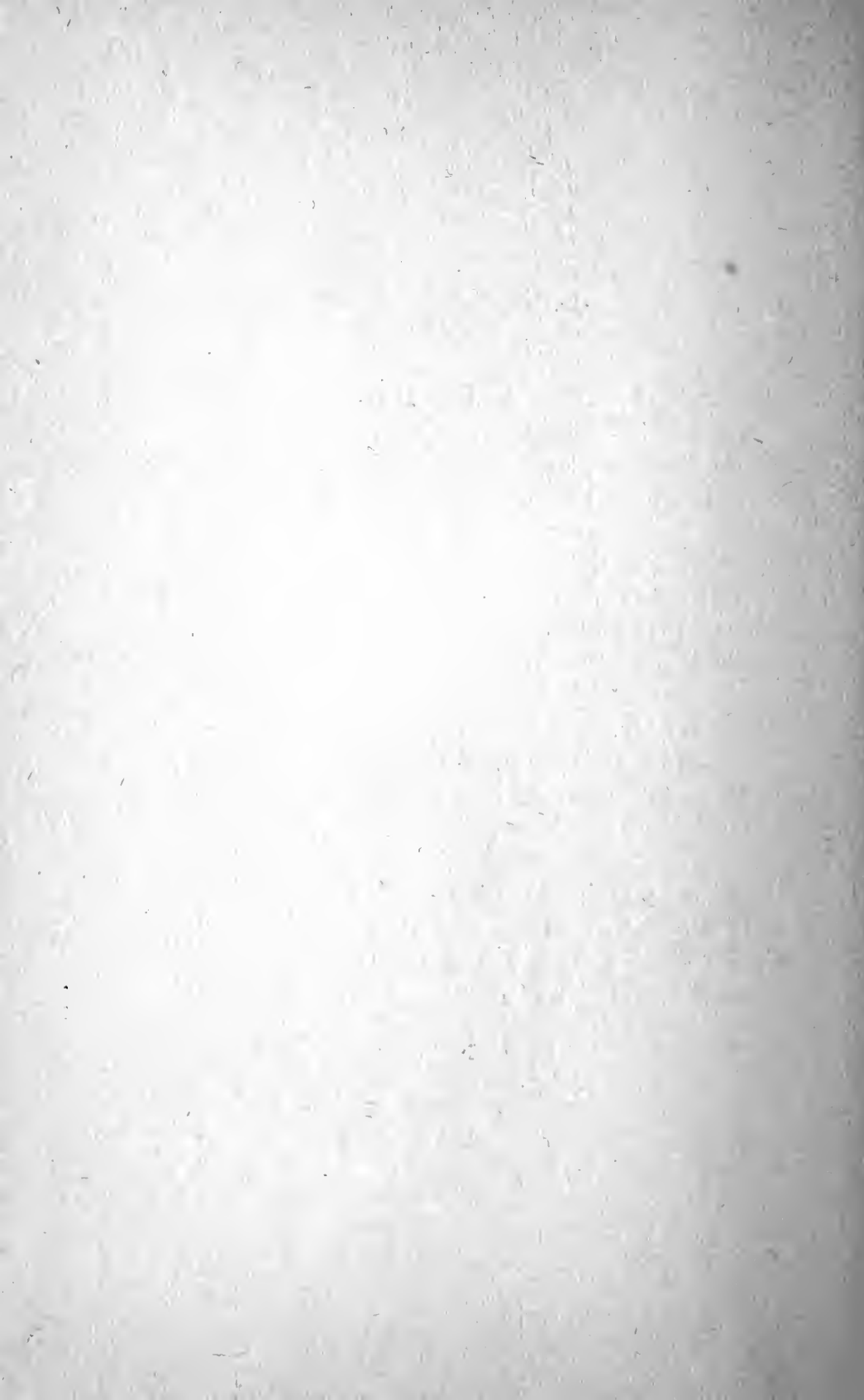
FINIS

The end at last! The journey is completed;
The fear of failure and its dread were vain;
Doubt has gone by; despair has been defeated;
And pleasure presently will vanquish pain.

The early radiance, the east adorning,
With gold and crimson glorified the sky,
And told the coming of a grander morning,
The longing gaze to greet and satisfy.

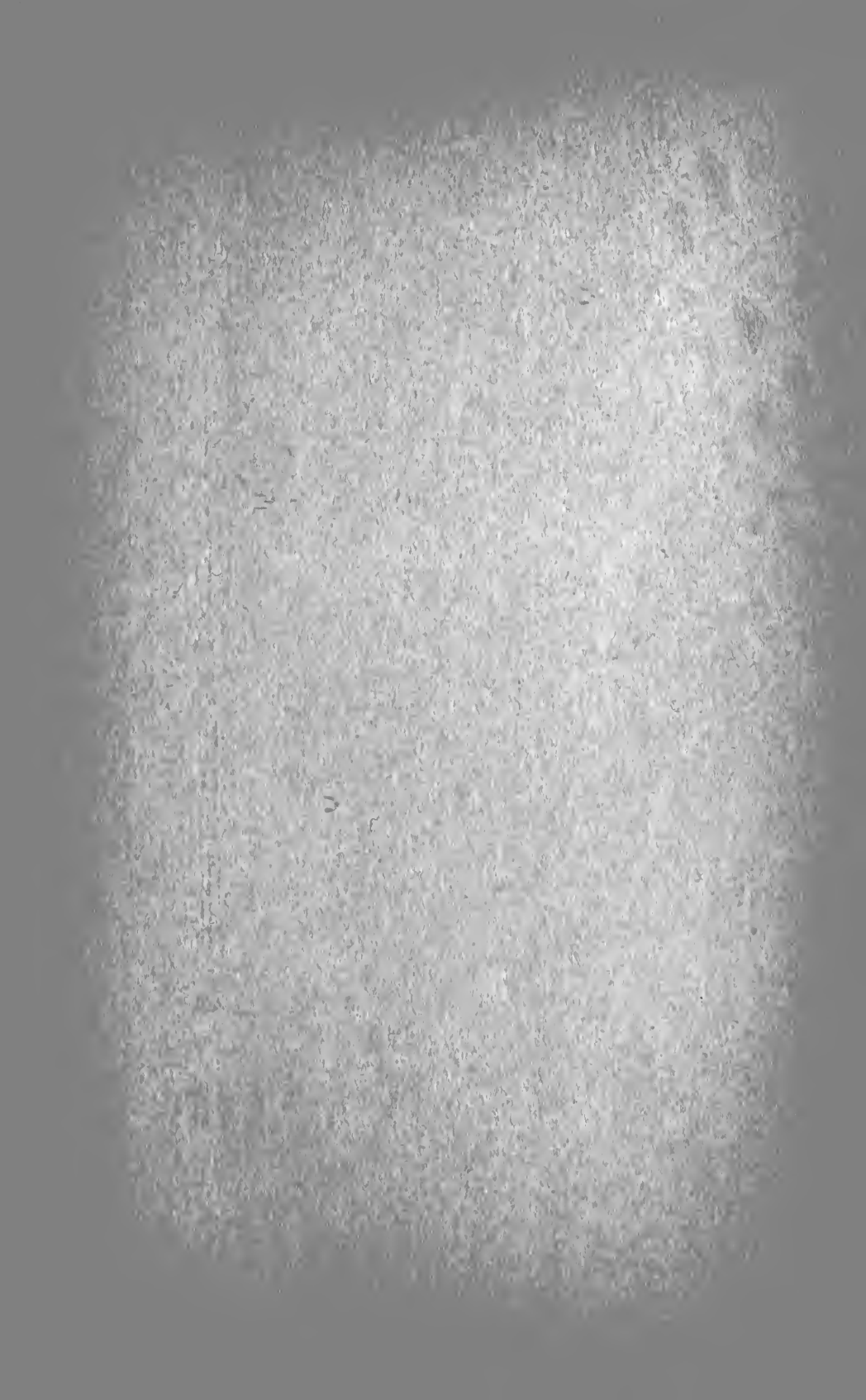
And it is here. The wealth of Orient splendor
Lay in the sun and never was withdrawn,
But, in an effluence divinely tender,
The latter twilight broadens into dawn.

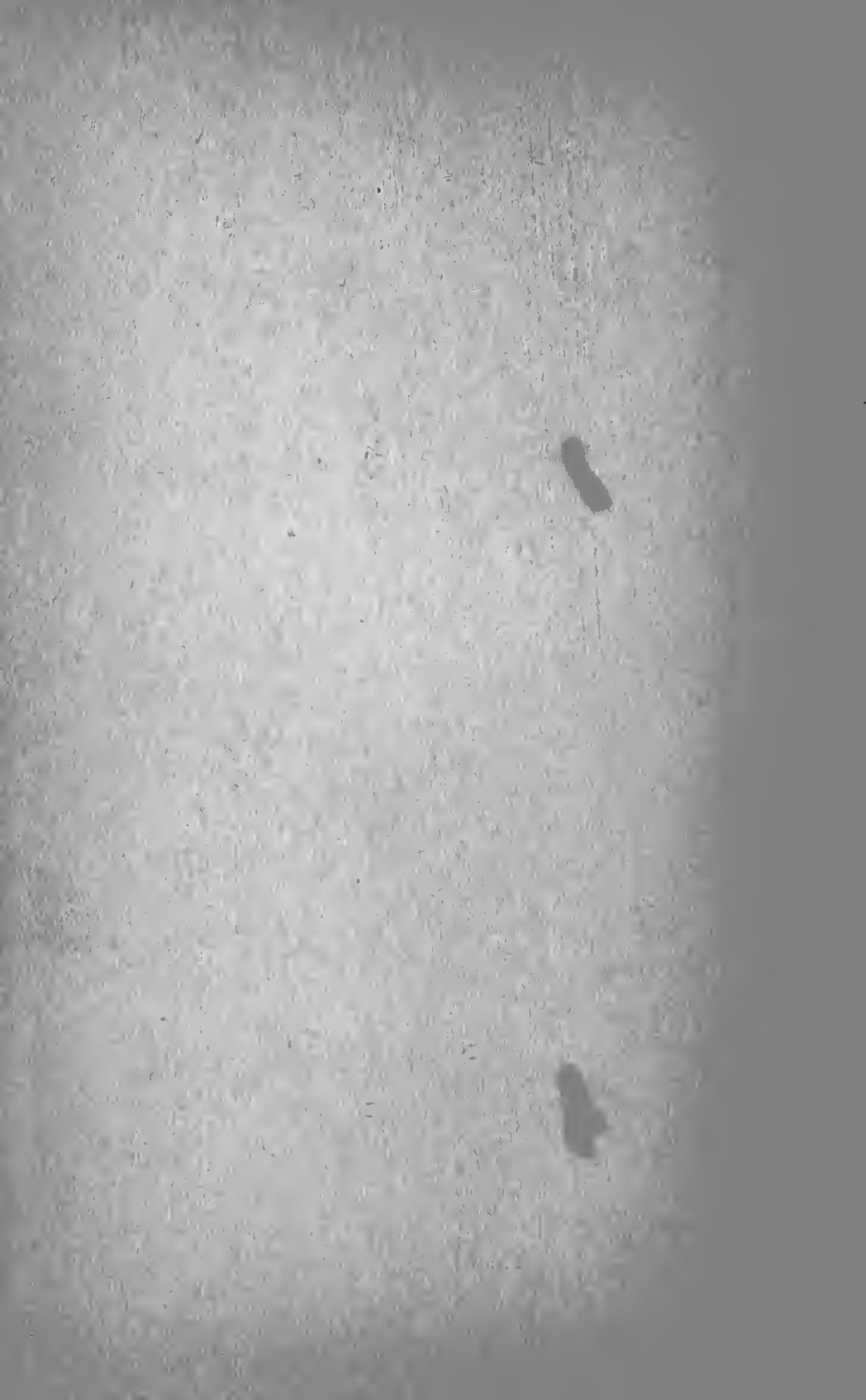
Conflict of conflicts that is won by losing!
Tie that is strengthened by the severing knife!
Day that dies not but brightens at its closing!
Sweet Revelation of the Book of Life.













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